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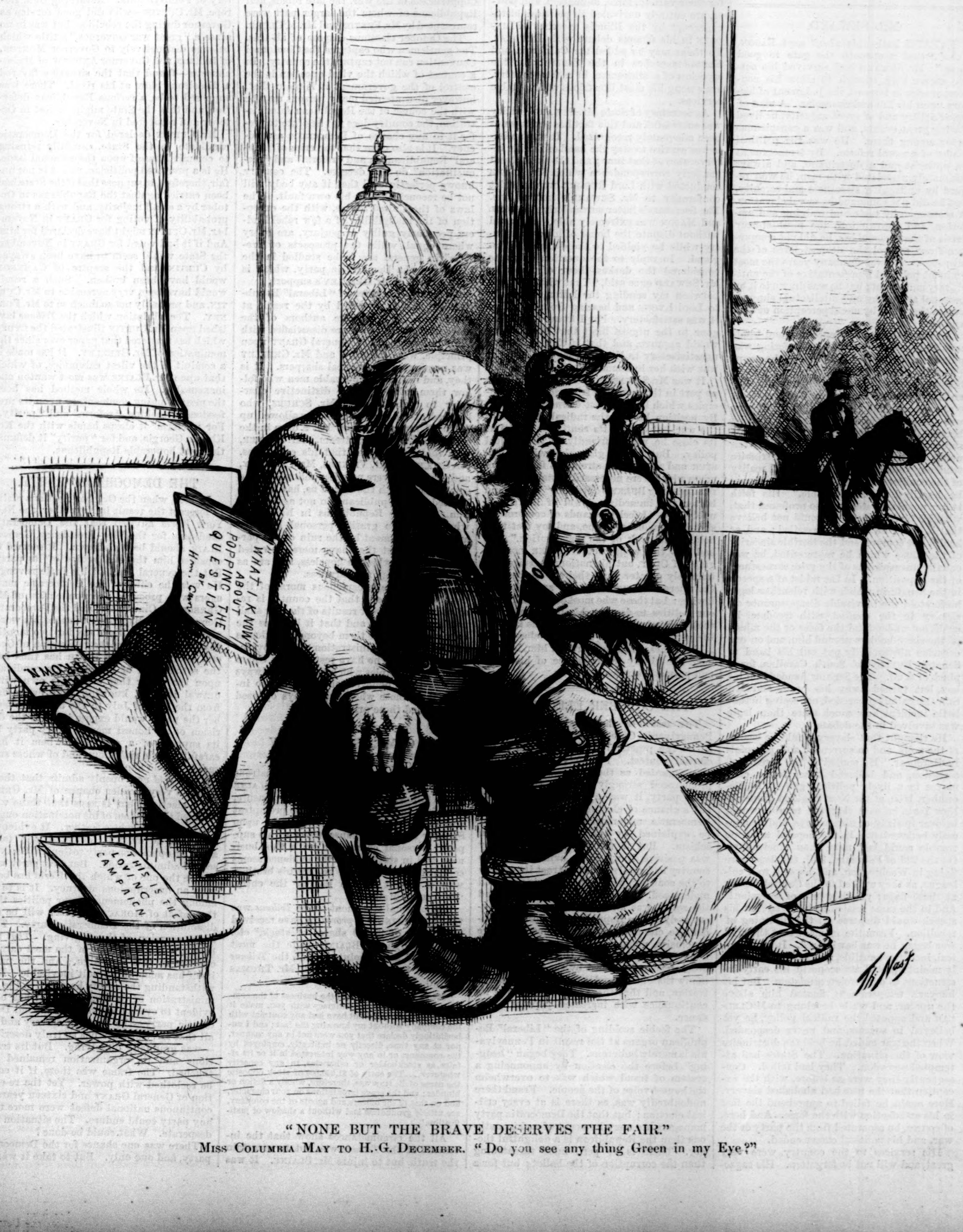

U.S.
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT POPPING THE QUESTION BY Hon. Cann.
BROWN
THIS IS THE LOVING CAMPAIGN
Th. Nast

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR."

Miss Columbia May to H.-G. December. "Do you see any thing Green in my Eye?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 26, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly will be sent out a gratuitous Eight-page Supplement containing another installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

the new and fascinating Novel by F. W. Robinson, commenced in the Supplement sent out with Harper's Weekly for October 19.

MR. SEWARD.

"Death hath this also," says Bacon, "that it openeth the gate to good fame." Mr. Seward had survived his active career long enough to allow his contemporaries to forecast the judgment of history upon his life and character. A man of great ability and of great sagacity, he lived during great events, and was a conspicuous actor among them. He was the political leader of a moral reform. By temperament an optimist and a doctrinaire, and always intimately associated with men, he won regard by unflagging sweetness and serenity, but he did not command by moral elevation. A statesman by taste and training and ambition, and thrown into the most stormy crisis of the national life, he did not comprehend nor control the deepest force of the situation. He was for many years the most eminent political representative of the anti-slavery movement; but he was drawn to it by personal sympathy and intellectual shrewdness rather than by moral perception or conviction.

A man of the utmost generosity and kindness of heart, the thought of suffering was painful to him—and his defense of the negro Freeman showed the depth and swiftness of his sympathy. But he was never technically an Abolitionist. He was a Whig until it was evident that the question of slavery was the really dividing issue, and then he became the advocate of the cause which his shrewd mind showed him must surely triumph. But his optimistic and doctrinaire tendency veiled from him the awful reality of the conflict which in the familiar phrase he described as "irrepressible." His faith in our popular system was so profound that, with his temperament, he could not believe that it could be seriously assailed; and as he did not comprehend the terrible sincerity of the cause which he represented, he was equally unsuspicious of the grim earnestness of the opposition. In the midst of a speech in the Senate in which with relentless logic he foretold the inevitable disappearance of slavery in the conflict with freedom, he could not understand the faces or the minds of the slave-holders around him, and on one occasion abstractedly put out his hand to Senator Butler, of South Carolina, for a pinch of snuff. The Senator handed him his box, but turned away his head, and Mr. Seward calmly proceeded, not seeing in that little incident how much more than logic was involved in the debate.

He thought that slavery would be beaten at the polls, and so surrender and peacefully disappear. He smiled at the threats of secession, and believed them to be only moves in a lively political game. In December, 1860, at the New England dinner in New York, he said that the trouble would be over in sixty or ninety days, and he honestly believed it. In his hopeful mind no trouble could last more than ninety days. On the 22d of February, 1861, the flags were flying in Washington, and he said to a colleague, as they walked to the Capitol, "Look at those flags: yet they talk of secession!" And in the same session he believed that his speech would disperse all the lightning of rebellion. From the moment that the civil war began he was bewildered. It was illogical, incomprehensible, a mistake. He fatally misinterpreted its scope in his early instructions to our foreign ministers. But his buoyant temperament floated him above the uproar, and while he clung to M'Clellan and opposed the radical policy, he yet believed in success, and never desponded. When the war ended he held the doctrinaire view of the situation. The States had attempted secession. They had failed. Consequently they were as before, with the exception that the war had abolished slavery. Here again he failed to apprehend the fact in his satisfaction with the form. And here, of course, he separated from the party of the war, and his political career ended.

His services to the country were very great, and will not be forgotten. His sagacity showed him when the moment had arrived in which the mass of the Whig party in New York would follow a trusted leader into the antislavery path. He seized the moment, and the Republican party presently appeared. From that time his speeches were the most popularly powerful and instructive and effective in the political anti-slavery propaganda. Calm, forcible, logical, clear, and free from vituperative rhetoric, they were a school in which the people gladly learned. After his bitter disappointment in the nomination of Fremont in 1856 he made a speech at Detroit, which, in its detailed exposure of the manner in which slavery absolutely possessed the government, from every committee in Congress down to every little post-office in the land, was one of the most valuable speeches ever made in the country. And again, after his disappointment in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, his series of speeches in the West, for their variety, force, animation, and power, are entirely unrivaled in political history, except by the Illinois speeches of Lincoln in his famous debate with Douglas. To these may be added the California and Kansas speeches in the Senate: for the speeches of a statesman, in a free country, are among his most illustrious and valuable services.

As Secretary of State Mr. Seward's policy was successful, and this fact has perhaps not been adequately recognized. It was an immense service to stay the hand of foreign intervention at that time; and the skillful and masterly correspondence which Mr. Adams conducted with Lord Russell was in strict conformity to Mr. Seward's instructions. The Secretary's letter surrendering Slidell and Mason was extremely able. He saved without dispute the honor of his own country while he yielded to the demand of England. In reply to the question what he considered the darkest hour of the war, Mr. Seward once said, "That which elapsed between my sending the letter informally to Lord Lyons and hearing from him that it was satisfactory. For I knew that I had gone to the utmost limit that the country would approve, and that if the letter were unsatisfactory to England, we should be at war with her in a month."

It was Mr. Seward's curious fate to have no part in the crowning triumph of the principles which he had most warmly sustained. By position he was the radical chief before the war, but during its continuance and at its close he was unfriendly to the radical policy. But it is his glory that while Webster and Clay were strenuous for compromises which were necessarily fatal, Seward, remembering Burke's question, "Who would barter the immediate jewel of his soul?" nobly said, "I feel the sands of compromise sliding from beneath me, and my feet take hold of the rock of the Constitution." He had not the weight of Webster nor the grace of Clay, but his national service was infinitely greater than theirs. He had not their personal magnetism, nor so fond a following; but those who most deeply influence our politics to-day are his pupils, and not theirs. Undaunted in spirit to the last, his life gently ended, and the grave closes over all bitterness of feeling toward him, leaving only the kindly remembrance of his great and patriotic service.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The result of the October elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana was awaited as the practical decision of the Presidential contest. Pennsylvania especially was regarded as the test. If that State pronounced strongly against the Republican party, it was agreed that Mr. Greeley's chance of election was good. If the Democratic majority was small, it could be explained by the known Republican schism. But if the Republican majority was positive, it would be evident that the country had resolved not to trust its welfare to the coalition whose character is now well understood. The election took place, and the result was an immense surprise to every body. The Republican majority is, under the circumstances, enormous. A more conclusive popular verdict was never pronounced. It shows that the public mind is absolutely undisturbed by the storm of calumny that has raged against the Administration, and that there is little doubt of its continuance with increased popular confidence.

The feeble scolding of the "Liberal" Republican organs at the result in Pennsylvania is merely ludicrous. They began "hedging" before the election by announcing a system of fraud which was to overwhelm the honest voice of the people. Fraud there undoubtedly was, as there is at every critical election; but that the Democratic party managers are more innocent of unfair methods than the Republican is a delightful theory. There is no peril more threatening than the corruption of the ballot; but for a coalition which was first most warmly hailed by the dregs of the Tammany politicians to swell with virtue and charge fraud upon their opponents is exquisitely absurd. Mr. Forney, whose *Press* was the most efficient opponent of the Republican candidate, stated frankly and promptly that it was a fair election, and expressed the honest preference of the people. Indeed, the tone of the Greeley press and of the speeches of Mr. Greeley has been, in this respect, a constant insult to the American people. The Democratic candidate and his papers have virtually declared that if they were beaten it would be because the people had been bought to vote for rascals; and Mr. Greeley very plainly said that Maine was carried because the Republicans had the most money. If the Greeley press were to be believed, the whole popular system had failed, and there was no remaining hope for good government except in a combination of the Copperheads of the war, the late rebels, and Republicans of whom the larger part were represented by Mr. Fenton and Mr. M'Clure.

The October elections dispose of all this. The gentlemen who captured the Cincinnati Convention can not capture the country. In a contest of which the vital question is the control of the government it is plain that, however discontented many persons may be with the course of the Republican Administration, the country does not hesitate to prefer it to any chance of Democratic ascendency. It is also clear that the cries of "Liberal" Republicanism and "reform" and "reconciliation" do not deceive. The country knows perfectly well that if any body will not be reconciled, it is his own fault. The laws of the United States, with the exception of the ineligibility of a few rebel leaders peculiarly guilty of perjury, are every where equal, while the prospects of "reform" in general are to be studied in the history of the Democratic party, which is the strength of Mr. Greeley's support.

As for the character of "Liberal" Republicanism, it was revealed by the result at Cincinnati. The sincere authors of the movement, those who were dissatisfied with the administration of General Grant upon principle, were defeated, and Mr. Greeley was nominated by political sharpers. It is they, and not a few honorable men who follow them, who give the distinctive character to "liberalism." Mr. Schurz, who laughed at the idea of being swallowed up by the Democracy, is now but a drop in the shrinking Democratic stream. Mr. Sumner, who told us in effect that his colleagues, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Vickers, Mr. Casserly, and the others, were now Republicans by the same tenure with the rest of us, has already learned that Republicans do not agree with him. And the Republicans in New York who sought to gratify personal hostility and disappointment by the ruin of the party now see that they have merely swelled an opposition which is hopeless, and are as ridiculous as they are harmless.

Of course the conspicuous moral of the October elections is that the country is resolved that the great results of the war shall not be imperiled; and that it believes the only way to secure them beyond question is to confide the administration of the government to those who have restored the Union upon the principles which they have always professed and believed, and to refuse to intrust it to those who have always opposed and derided those principles.

A CAMPAIGN CALUMNY WITHDRAWN.

The *Tribune* withdraws its monstrous charge of corruption against Speaker Blaine in the following words: "We take pleasure, therefore, in withdrawing, in the promptest and fullest manner, the imputations upon Speaker Blaine, in consequence of his supposed personal connection with this business, and in stating that the evidence seems conclusive that it is not he, but his brother, who is meant in the list by the entry, 'Blaine, of Maine.'"

The original statement of the *Tribune* was that Mr. Blaine "is *proved* to have received allotments of 32,500 shares of stock," etc. And although Mr. Blaine made the most unreserved and absolute denial, the *Tribune* persisted in its calumny until Mr. Thomas Ewing, Jun., wrote:

> "My general knowledge of the business of the company, and especially my intimacy with you, make it certain that you could not have had any contract with the company without my knowing the fact; and I unhesitatingly declare that you were not in any manner, nor at any time, directly or indirectly, employed by the company, or in any way interested in it or its affairs as stockholder or otherwise, in any capacity whatever.... The entry of $1,920,000 of stock opposite the name of Blaine was, therefore, wholly a fiction or blunder; and the grave imputations on your character, and on that of the officers and agents of the company, are utterly groundless and without a shadow of justification."

All the circumstances show that the intention of the *Tribune* was not to ascertain the truth, but to injure Mr. Blaine. It was not even careful to discover whether he was in Congress at the time when it charged him with selling his vote; and it unhesitatingly asserted a most dishonorable and fatal accusation to be "proved" which it now admits to be wholly unfounded. It is this kind of wild and reckless slander of all prominent men who do not support Mr. Greeley that the people of the country every where resent, and record their resentment in such votes as that in Pennsylvania, and the more than 21,000 majority in the Western Reserve of Ohio. The course pursued by the *Tribune* has destroyed the power and influence of what was the greatest journal in the country. And this course is as marked in its praises as in its aspersions.

Thus the frantic exaggeration of the tone in which it extolled Mr. Curtin in Pennsylvania was merely ludicrous to those who knew the facts. Mr. Curtin and Mr. Cameron have long contested the political mastery of Pennsylvania. Returning from Europe, Mr. Curtin—who did good service as Governor during the rebellion, but was in no sense a "great war Governor," a title which belongs distinctively to Governor Morton, of Indiana, and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts—found that the situation favored a disastrous blow at his rival. There was supposed to be a serious Republican defection, and that the State might be lost in October and recovered in November.

Mr. Curtin declared for the Democratic candidate in the State, carefully refusing to commit himself upon the national issue. He is a practiced politician, and it is not unfair, therefore, to suppose that if the State had been carried against the Republicans in October by a small majority, and with a strong probability of voting for Grant in November, Mr. Curtin might have declared for him. And if it had voted for Grant in November, the State would seem to have been swayed by Curtin, and the sceptre of Cameron would have been broken. Such a result would have been very agreeable to Mr. Curtin, and probably not so much so to Mr. Forney. The adulation which the *Tribune* lavished upon Mr. Curtin illustrated the frenzy which has mastered that paper ever since the nomination of Mr. Greeley. It has made it a conduit of the vilest calumnies, of which that upon Mr. Blaine was most wanton and inexcusable. Its whole method has been the most stinging commentary upon its professions of seeking "reform" and "purity." For "reform" it clasps hands with the Ku-Klux in Georgia, and for "purity" it defames the most honorable Republicans.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In 1868, when the October elections plainly forecast the result in November, the New York *World* advised that the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, General Blair, should be withdrawn. It seemed to consider him the evil genius of its party. But the general has had his little revenge. He was the chief of the Democratic managers who procured the nomination of Mr. Greeley at Cincinnati; and the Democratic Convention at Baltimore adopted his work, after hearing the *World* say for two months that it would insure the re-election of General Grant. General Blair has thus had the satisfaction of imposing his candidate upon the paper that urged his own withdrawal in 1868, knowing that every day from the 10th of July to the 5th of November the paper would expose itself to the derision of all honest men of every party by its support of a candidate whom it had carefully made ridiculous, and of whose success it had no hope.

The *World* now openly admits that there is but a very slender chance of Mr. Greeley's election; but it says that those who doubted the wisdom of his nomination ought not to show the white feather. It evidently sees that he must be defeated, and talks about an opposition party to General Grant's second administration. But that party will not be the one of which the *World* has been such an unscrupulous attorney. It is to be among the phenomena of our politics that the defeat of Horace Greeley will be the dissolution of the Democratic party. *That* is the occasion of thanksgiving. *That* has been the aim and hope of the most earnest citizens in this campaign. And the party itself has made this result inevitable. Notwithstanding the steady hostility to the administration of General Grant, it has been evident to every observer that the old Democratic party—the party of slavery and of all that Mr. Greeley has so truly described—was gradually dissolving. But its traditions and its organization remained untouched. The frame was there, if it could be reclothed with power. Yet the re-election of General Grant and sixteen years of continuous national defeat were more than any party could endure. The situation was desperate. What could be done?

There was one chance for the Democratic party, and one only. But to take it was directly to invoke life or death. If the effort succeeded, the party would be restored. If it failed, it must perish. That chance was an alliance upon some ground with some of its opponents, and for that alliance those opponents themselves offered the opportunity. The vitality of the party was shown by nothing more than the alertness and completeness with which it embraced the sole chance. It made no mouths. It proposed no conditions, which were, indeed, needless; for, by the necessity of the case, it was master of every thing if it won—and it was dead if it lost. It took the platform and the candidates of political opponents. If it succeeded, it would put its own interpretation upon its action. If it failed, it would have sought power by confessing that it was not strong enough to succeed with its own principles and candidates, and would have been defeated even with the candidates and the assistance of an opposition. From such a defeat it could never recover, for it could never again recur to a policy and to principles which it had once vainly abandoned for success. And the result of the October elections shows that such a mortal defeat is impending for the Democratic party. When, by Heaven's favor, it occurs, the *Te Deum* of grateful and patriotic hearts will be only less fervent than that which followed a similar blessing—the defeat and surrender of Lee.

The pretense about "the conversion" of the Democratic party has been wholly unworthy of sensible men. Parties are never converted. Conversion is party destruction. For parties are composed of men, and when a large number or a majority of them change their opinions they naturally leave an organization which has no other occasion than the propagation and triumph of opinions and policies which have been abandoned. To ask the country to confide the execution of the Republican policy to the Democratic party under some theory of "acquiescence" was simply silly. If the Democrats had ceased to be Democrats, what did the party organization mean? To suppose that the hundreds of thousands of persons who composed it had simultaneously changed their views, and remained organized to administer the government upon other principles, was so preposterous that it could only excite derision.

How utterly the country despises the pretense is shown by the late vote. It judges a party not by a desperate resolution on the eve of an election, but by its character, history, principles, and tendency. The people of the United States understand the Democratic party, as they came at last to understand slavery: and Democratic cries of reconciliation and reform mean to this country just what the "Christianity" and "humanity" of slavery meant. Horace Greeley has been all his life the sincere opponent of Democratic principles and policies: and the unnatural alliance between him and the Democratic party will end in the political destruction of both. And all the people will say Amen.

"WORK! WORK! WORK!"

In the natural exultation of the hour we must not forget that although victory seems sure, it is not yet won. The object of the Republican campaign is not only the reelection of the President, but the disbanding of the opposition. The October result is due to the most constant and strenuous exertion. Both parties have contested every inch of the field. And it is because of the admirable organization and steady pressure upon the enemy that the triumph has been gained. It is always a question whether any body changes his mind in consequence of a speech, and whether the missionary is not generally preaching to the converted. But there is no doubt that the enthusiasm of meetings is inspiring, and that the advantage of canvassing house by house and voter by voter is incalculable. There is a very general conviction that the Republican majority in Ohio would have been very much larger had there been an earlier and more thorough working force in the field. And if every Republican will make himself a committee to see that his neighbors vote correctly, the victory all along the line will be such as to show the real feeling of the country.

As the New York *Tribune* truly remarks, "we are upon the home stretch." Somebody is, without any doubt; and whoever reaches home will be left there. As we believe that it is Mr. Greeley who is stretching homeward, let us take care and make his arrival sure. Nothing is done until all is done. No victory was ever won by cheering, except that of the nomination of Mr. Greeley; and while Republicans are naturally hilarious, they must reserve its expression somewhat until the 6th of November, lest hearty effort should exhale in mere enthusiasm.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, nor leave it until the whole wall crumbles!

GEORGIA.

Some weeks before the election in Georgia we exposed the real spirit of the Democratic and Greeley movement in that State. When the "Liberal" Republicans asked for a representation upon the electoral ticket they were haughtily refused, and told that they might vote with the Democracy if they wished. The Democratic orators have declared that they supported Greeley because he was the party candidate, and because any thing was better than Grant; and no one who has made himself familiar by private information and by reading the newspapers with the spirit of the Democratic party in Georgia but will smile at the gravity with which "coalition" and "conversion" are mentioned by sincere Greeley men in this part of the country.

Governor Smith, who has just been re-elected by a very large majority, sent his annual message to the Legislature on the 17th of July, 1872, and its tone reveals a feeling which is full of bitterness, and which certainly ought not to control the administration of the government of this country. The evening after the election Governor Smith spoke at Atlanta, and we extract some passages of his speech, that the scope of the Greeley coalition may be fully understood:

> "There are but two national parties arrayed against each other, and each has its rallying point on which it depends for success. One a great central despotism at Washington, that wants to give laws to the utmost limits of the country.... The other great national party is the Democratic party, united with the Liberal Republican party; they have their candidate, which they ask us to put into power upon the principles which give equal rights to the State and the protection of the people... The only difference between my 'Straight' friends and me is—you take the left-hand road to defeat Grant, and I take the right-hand road to do the same thing. I think we had better take Greeley than run the chances. There are certain things I don't like him for, however. I don't love him for abusing me, but I will use any thing for the purpose of defeating Grant. With all that has been said against Greeley, he has never been called a liar! and his chief characteristic is his independence of mind. He stands identically on the same platform with my friend A. H. Stephens as to State rights. Mr. Stephens, I know, will not get off of it; he will 'stick.' Mr. Greeley says he will give us our rights. I am willing to trust him before I will trust a man that I know is my enemy. If the devil himself, coming up from the infernal regions, smelling of brimstone, was to promise to relieve the South of unjust and wicked laws, I would take him rather than Grant. I know what Grant will do, and would take the chances.
>
> "It is strange that Democrats are afraid to trust themselves with Greeley. He (Smith) had been a Democrat from his youth up; it was his only inheritance; he was not afraid that Greeley or any one else could make him believe what he did not believe. [Prolonged applause.] A Democrat was no less a Democrat for going with Greeley. [Continued applause.]"

Mr. B. H. Hill followed the Governor. He said that the election meant peace and fraternity, and illustrated it in this way:

> "If the people of the North will not vote with the people of the South for Mr. Greeley, then we shall never again select a man for whom we shall expect that union of votes.
>
> "If the negroes of the South will not vote with the white people of the South for Mr. Greeley, then we shall never again select a man with the express purpose of securing that union of votes."

That is to say, if the people of the country will elect the Democratic candidate, "the South" will consent to be reconciled. "Mr. Greeley is our candidate," says Mr. Hill. "If you will vote for him, very well. If not, we shall care for no further agreement." This is the old "South;" and it has received its answer from Vermont and Maine and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Indiana and Nebraska, and from the gain of nineteen Republican Representatives in Congress. And that result, Mr. Hill may be very sure, means no unkind feeling and no unjust legislation toward any part of the country. It means only that the people of the United States, who have tested the Democratic party under Southern control, do not propose to return to the days before the deluge.

PERSONAL.

A Jesuit, the Rev. Mr. Renaud, was appointed some months ago by Archbishop M'Closkey to superintend the Romish interests in our city charities. The result was at once apparent. The Jesuits excited a revolt in the House of Refuge. One of the keepers was murdered. One of the convicts was sent to the State-prison. The rebellion was subdued. But the Jesuits still defend the murderer, and assail with calumnies the House of Refuge, one of the most valuable and successful of our city institutions. This is a curious confirmation of that dangerous character of the Jesuit society which is painted upon a larger scale in our article in the present number on "The Jesuits."

—The late William Henry Seward, whose portrait is given on another page, had planned an extensive tour for the past summer. He was intending to visit Norway and Sweden, going as far as North Cape, the northernmost point of Europe, and afterward to make a long journey through Russia and Siberia. Early in June, however, his rapidly failing health compelled him to give up a scheme from which many a younger man would have shrunk. Mr. Seward was born in Florida, Orange County, in this State, on the 16th of May, 1801; and at the time of his death, on the 10th inst., he was consequently in his seventy-second year.

—James R. Spalding, a New York journalist of long experience and great mental vigor died on 11th inst., at his brother's house in Dover, New Hampshire. Mr. Spalding was for many years connected with the old *Courier and Enquirer*, was the first editor of the New York *World*, and when the proprietorship of that paper was changed, and with it its political bias, he became a leading writer on the New York *Times*. As a man he was eccentric, and so absent-minded that he passed friends in the street without recognizing them, and was liable to leave his house without regard to the completeness of his dress. His style was terse and vigorous, and his opinions were the result of deep conviction. For several years past Mr. Spalding has suffered from ill health, which compelled him to abstain from mental exertion.

—When Mr. Chief Justice Cockburn read his decision at the Geneva Conference he crouched down in his chair, nearly hid behind a formidable pile of manuscript, which, without exaggeration, was five inches thick. When his affirmative vote on the case of the *Alabama* was announced the spectators began to hope that he might show a similar degree of independence in the other cases. But this hope was disappointed. The solitary "No" in the case of the *Florida* was his; one of the "Noes" in the case of the *Shenandoah* was his, the other being that of Viscount d'Itajuba."

—Carlyle, now nearly eighty, has entirely abandoned writing, but appears occasionally in society, and chats as agreeably and vigorously as ever. His frequent pedestrian companion is William Allingham, one of the editors of *Fraser's Magazine*.

—George Macdonald, the poet-novelist, is having a quiet, good time in Boston, walking or driving every day, and wearing, like a true Highlander, the Scotch bonnet with the insignia of his clan. Very fond of horses is George Mac., and driveth four-in-hand.

—Rochefort has received from a London publisher the sum of $10,000 for an English translation of his "History of the Second Empire." The principal feature of the work is a biography of the Empress Eugénie prior to her marriage.

—It is said that Mr. John Jacob Astor and Mr. John J. Cisco have intimated their intention to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars each toward the erection of the proposed Protestant Episcopal Cathedral.

—Professor Tyndall arrived in this city on the 9th inst. In appearance he is small in stature, spare of face, has bright gray eyes, and short, iron-gray beard. The political excitement induces him to forego the delivery of any lectures in New York until about the 15th December. He thinks the lectures of Mr. Froude will be intensely interesting, as he has discovered many historical facts of great value.

—Mr. Froude is receiving many attentions from the better portion of our towns-folk. He says: "Shortly before I left England the Chancellor of the Exchequer said to me, jokingly, 'It's no good your attempting to lecture on the subject, for you are sure to tell the truth, and that's always unpalatable.' I have lived in Ireland for thirty years, and am deeply attached to the country and its people; and although Pat abuses me, still we are the best of friends, and I have never had a quarrel with an Irishman in my life. I have not made much mention of the Irish saints, my lecture being historical simply." In appearance Mr. Froude is tall and handsome, being some fifty years of age. He has a wonderfully gentle and musical voice. His face is pleasant, being ornamented with a bright pair of gray eyes.

—Mario, who is now warbling to this people at the rate of five or six hundred dollars a night, has recently sold his villa near Florence for 690,000 francs, which includes the objects of art in the mansion. A rich Danish baron was the purchaser.

—Governor Safford, of Nevada, went out to hunt for diamonds and rubies. He found two or three millions' worth, but when offered for sale they were found to be garnets, and did not sell for enough to pay for the cheerful steak and the consolatory potato which nature demanded for the hunt.

—Ezra R. Bradford is the benefactor of the colored person of New Bedford. Some time since Ezra R. died, owning real estate in San Francisco worth $150,000. By the terms of his will the interest and profits of a large portion of his estate are to be appropriated for the support of aged colored women in the city of New Bedford.

—Little Raven, chief of the Arrapahoes, and a prominent big Indian in the Indian Territory, is a man of both fluency and talency. He is said to resemble his great pale-faced brother, Henry Ward Beecher, in head and feature, and is as eloquent in Arrapahoe as H. W. B. is in English. So states an enthusiast of the red man. "Mebbe so; mebbe no so," as the Oneidas say. As a general thing the Indian of every tribe is a very nasty individual, and *such* a liar!

—The late Lyttleton W. Tazewell, of Virginia, is said to have been one of the most brilliant conversationists ever known in that State. On one occasion when talking with Governor Floyd, of Virginia (father of John B), and Senator Preston, of South Carolina, he "gave out," saying, "Floyd, if you will give me a bowl of water to wash my face, and a julep, I will lie down for an hour or two to rest myself, and to-night, if you choose, we will resume our conversation. I am afraid I have not made myself clear to you two gentlemen." After Tazewell retired, Floyd and Preston remained staring at each other in silence. Finally Preston said, "Have you any idea what his real opinion is?" "Not the remotest. Do you think he has any?" "Most certainly. He has every opinion that any man ever had or could have on this subject, and a great many more besides; but what his final opinion will be, no living man, not even Tazewell himself, will ever discern." They did not talk any more.

—Our General Sherman says that President Thiers is a great and good man, and earnest in all that is for his country's good.

—Old Mr. Palmer, the sculptor (he is sixty), is going abroad for the first time: to Rome, to study sculpture.

—The Emperor Francis Joseph, by way of keeping up the intimate relations that have arisen between him and Alexander, will shortly pay a state visit to St. Petersburg.

—Speaking of Methodists and Mormons, Mr. James Brooks, in his "Seven Months' Run," says, concerning the prodigious camp-meeting with which the former were about to invade Utah and capture Brigham and all his hosts, that Brigham generously or tauntingly offered the Methodists his huge Tabernacle, holding 13,000 people, with its new organ, the biggest in the world, to be thrown in, for their great love-feast, which was declined. Brother Brooks thinks that "if any sect can capture Brigham and his hosts, it is the Methodists; but they can not sing half as loud as his ten or twelve thousand congregation; they can not cry 'Amen' as loud, and they can not pray louder." Mr. Brooks would have liked to wait for the great contest, but as he was off for the heathen Chinee, and Confucius, and such, he didn't very well see how he could tarry.

—The pew-holders of the old South Church, Boston, have set an example of the right sort by voting $3000 per annum to the Rev. Dr. Blagden, their pastor, for life. He is seventy, and on Monday last preached his farewell sermon to the Old South Society.

—John M. Brace, recently deceased, bequeathed $25,000 for the library of the Rochester Theological Seminary. This makes $125,000 which have been added to the capital of the Seminary since last April.

—Apropos of the two gentlemen who have eyes toward the next Presidency the wag-man of the New York *Commercial* says: "It must not be inferred that the country is going to the *dogs* because the selection is reduced to a choice between a type-*setter* and a West *Pointer!*"

—Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope announces the sale by auction of his library of ten thousand volumes, including many rare works. The sale will take place at his villa in Florence.

—Edward Tompkins has given to the State University of California land valued at $50,000 for the endowment of an Agassiz professorship of Oriental languages and literature.

—Musurus Pasha, the Turkish embassador at London, on meeting General Schenck recently, said, in his Greek-English, "Ah, general, you have dot the tree million guineas; but it is de first time in de history that England submits ehrself to be inflicted by de foreigner."

—An Oriental potentate of the first water, the Shah of Persia, is coming to London and Paris. The suit and their preparations are on a scale of very Persian magnitude. He will take boat at Constantinople, and glide pleasantly to the land of the money-grubbers, politicians, adventurers, etc., of England and France.

—Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, who has given more than a million of dollars for public objects in that city, is now having transferred to the Fine Art building the splendid art gallery which he has given to that institution. It will next month be opened to the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

State elections took place in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana on Tuesday, the 8th inst., and in all but the last-named the victory was overwhelmingly Republican. The latest returns give the majorities of Pennsylvania and Ohio at 35,000 and 15,000 respectively. Indiana will probably be fraudulently counted in on the Governor's ticket by a few hundred Democratic majority, but the Republicans have the remainder of the State offices.

A terrible accident occurred in Brooklyn (E. D.) on the evening of the 7th inst. A crowded platform at a Republican meeting gave way, crushing to death two boys, and severely wounding many other persons who were near it.

The Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, was struck by lightning during a severe storm on the 7th inst. The roof of the cupola was destroyed, and several of the actors engaged in rehearsal were temporarily stunned.

Chief of Police M'Williams and Detective Doyle, of Jersey City, have been arrested for complicity in the robbery of the First National Bank.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid was in a state of excitement recently over the imposition of a new tax on show-bills. The shop-keepers closed their places of business, and made noisy demonstrations in the streets, whereupon the authorities gave assurance that the odious tax should be repealed, and quiet was thus restored.

In the lower branch of the Spanish Cortes on the 5th inst., during a discussion of the reply to the throne address, an amendment was offered asking for the abolition of slavery throughout the Spanish dominions. The motion was voted down by 161 to 57.

Another attempt has been made upon the life of King Amadeus of Spain. While walking in the Plaza del Oriente on the evening of the 7th inst. he was violently stoned by two men, who shouted "Viva la Republica," and then fled. The assailants were not arrested.

The German embassador at Paris, Count von Arnim, has notified M. De Remuset that passports will be required of all French citizens entering German territory after the 1st prox.

A new French Supreme Council of War has been appointed, empowered with the organization and administration of the army, but not with the direction of military movements. The members of the council are Marshals M'Mahon and Canrobert, General Ladmirault, the Duke d'Aumale, Admiral De la Ronciere, and M. Ozenne.

The King of Denmark opened the Rigsdag in person on the 7th inst., and was enthusiastically received by his subjects. In his speech from the throne he promised a speedy settlement of the everlasting Schleswig question.

It is officially stated that 164,163 inhabitants of the new Germanized provinces of Alsace and Lorraine have declared in favor of retaining their French citizenship, and of that number 38,800 have actually gone to France.

The German government is closing the gambling-houses at the watering-places. Five well-known saloons have been seized by the police.

A terrible explosion occurred recently at the Morley coal mine, in England, killing forty of the miners.

The horse plague has broken out in Toronto, Canada, until scarcely an animal can be found fit for work—not even at the hack stands.

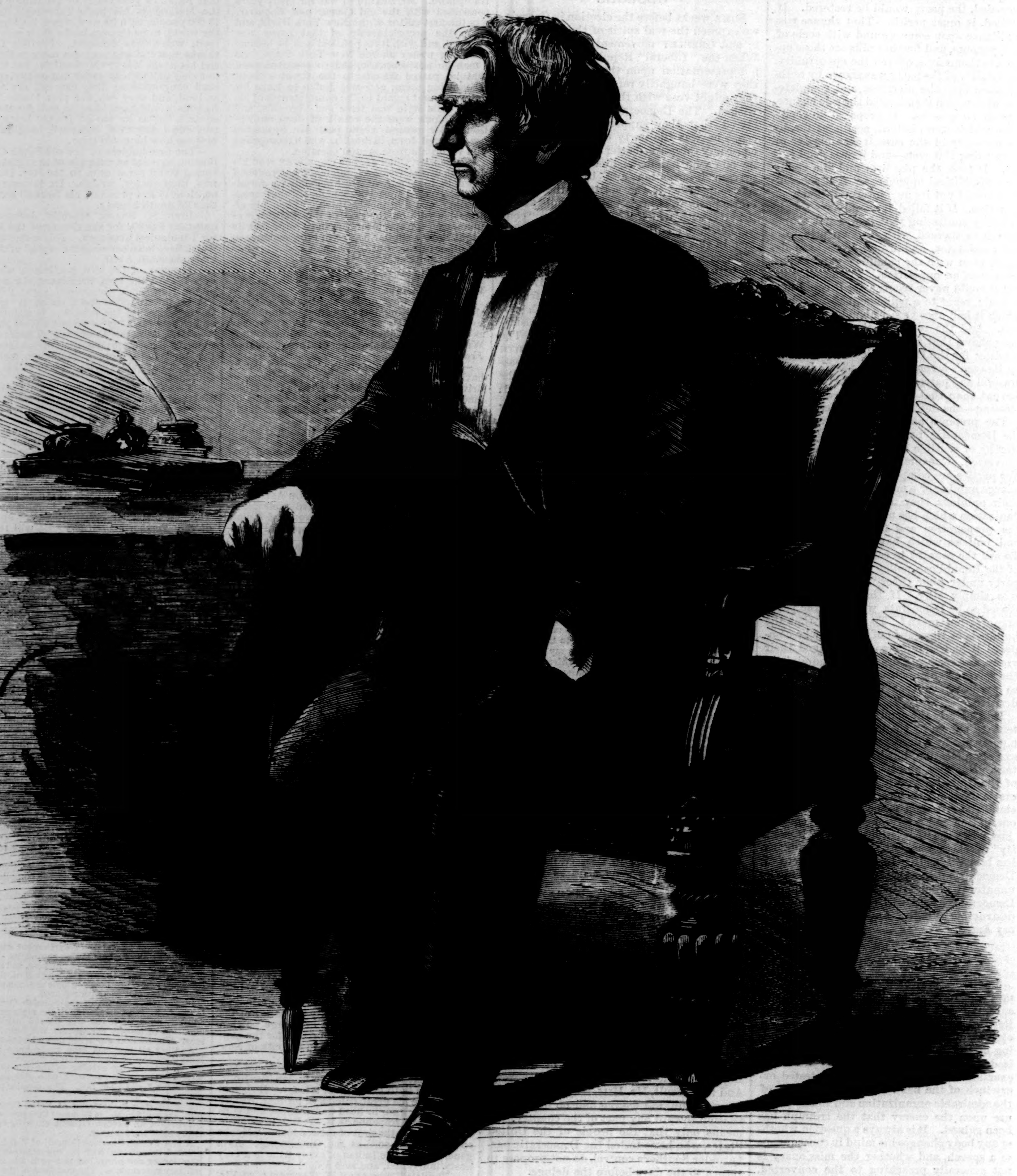
The English Antislavery Society gives a lamentable account of the present condition of the slave-trade on the eastern coast of Africa. According to this statement at least 150,000 natives are yearly dragged away from their homes, 80 out of every 100 of whom perish on the way from exhaustion or violence.

The remains of the late King of Sweden were taken to Stockholm from Malmo, October 9, and buried in the Riddarsholm Church with imposing ceremonies.

Two more of the Communists, Robichon and Eyraud, have been condemned to death by the French government.

The terrible announcement comes to us that during the recent famine in Persia three millions of human beings perished by hunger.

A fight occurred on the 10th inst. at Stamboul, Constantinople, between the Turkish and Persian inhabitants, and the troops were called out to suppress it. Three of the Persians were killed and thirty wounded, while ten of the soldiers were wounded in return.



THE LATE WILLIAM H. SEWARD.—[Photographed by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.]

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

The death of this venerable statesman, who passed away a few days since at his quiet country home, was an event for which the public had been for some time prepared, yet the announcement of his decease came at last like a sudden shock. Mr. Seward had lived so long in the public eye, his history was so interwoven with the great events of the last twenty years, that it seems hardly possible to realize the fact that he is gone from among us. He was not a very old man in years: but for physical infirmities, increased by long and arduous public service, and by the assassin's attack which so nearly deprived us of his great services when we could least spare them, he might have lived many years in the honorable retirement which crowned a public career of nearly half a century, passed in the midst of great events, and devoted to the highest and truest interests of his country.

It were vain to attempt, in the meagre space of a single article, to give even an outline sketch of his public life. Nor is it necessary. Mr. Seward lived before the eyes of all his countrymen. From the opening of his career until its close he took a prominent part in all the great movements of the day. An early disciple of Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, always faithful to the fundamental American principle of equal rights before the law, his public life was conspicuous and illustrious. His trust in popular institutions, in their capacity to right all wrongs, to correct their own errors, to secure the increasing prosperity of a rapidly increasing people by making justice more and more appear to be good policy, was constant and sublime. At one time, indeed, his faith in popular institutions brought him under a cloud. He believed that no government was so strong and persistent as a popular government. He was sure that the American people would not submit to a dissolution of the Union. He believed with Mr. Lincoln, in the earlier days of the secession movement, that the "irrepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom could be waged under the peaceful forms of law. In this he was mistaken; but his trust in the strength of a popular government, and in the determination of the people to maintain the Union, was fully justified; and the irrepressible conflict ended, as he foresaw it would end, in the triumph of liberty.

Mr. Seward's temperament inclined him to conciliation, to the settlement of disputes by diplomacy. He was unwilling to draw the sword while a chance remained for securing a settlement without appealing to the stern arbitrament of war. This exposed him to the censure and taunts of others of more ardent and hasty temperament, who yet did not love their country and liberty more than he. His clear perception of the probable scope, duration, and uncertainty of a civil war led him to prefer every honorable means of conciliation to that terrible risk, until that risk was no longer to be averted. It was the fashion among those who differed from him on questions of policy to style him a "trimmer," a "doctrinaire," a "theorist." But his great and successful career as Secretary of State during the most trying part of our national history forever set that criticism at rest. On all important points of domestic policy it is known that President Lincoln agreed with him. That he managed our foreign relations with consummate skill is now universally admitted. The task was never more difficult and delicate; it was never more successfully performed. Now that the clouds of partisan animosity are lifted, and his name and career have become the common pride of Americans, it is clear that at a time of unexampled peril, when other nations would have gladly interfered, he held them aloof, and kept the war from assuming proportions and eventualities which the imagination shrinks from picturing.

It is pleasant to know that Mr. Seward lived to see his name and his career vindicated to the judgment of his countrymen. He was not compelled to leave his fame to the next ages. His noble and illustrious services as a public teacher, boldly asserting the original rights and the natural equality of man, at a time when few were ready to stand by his side, have been clearly recognized. His eminent services as a statesman have been fully acknowledged. Every cloud of distrust, of misappreciation, has been riven by the light of accomplished results; the erroneous judgments of impatience and imperfect knowledge have been reversed. In his quiet retirement at Auburn, where his last years were spent in writing the history of his life, he had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that the great work to which that life had been devoted was accomplished; that liberty had triumphed; that the integrity of the Union was assured forever; and he passed away in the happy consciousness of possessing the love and gratitude of his countrymen.

THE JESUITS.

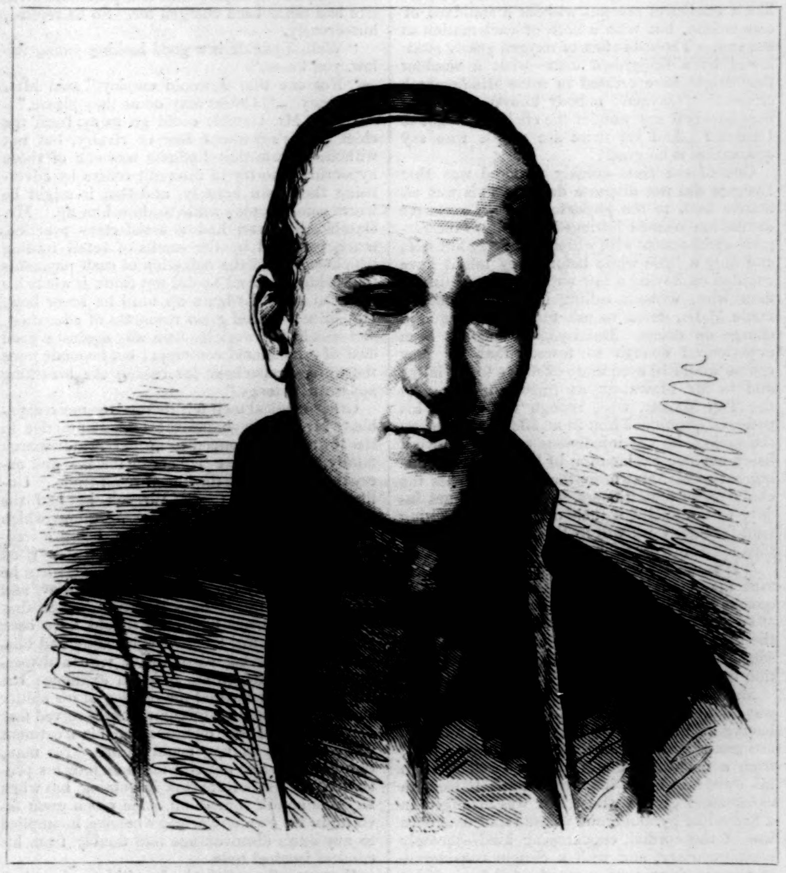
By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The sudden elevation of the Jesuits to the control of the Papal Church has once more brought that dangerous society into new prominence. Its rival and once superior brotherhoods have long fallen into obscurity. Dominicans and Franciscans, who once strove for the mastery of the Italian councils, are scarcely heard of; the Benedictines are almost forgotten on Monte Cassino; a throng of inferior orders have risen and sunk within the limits of the Romish faith; but the Jesuits alone retain their political power and their general renown. A dreadful mystery still hangs over them. Their proceedings are secret, their purposes unknown. At the command of an absolute master they wander swiftly among the throngs of their fellow-men, eager only to obey his voice. Obedience is to the Jesuit the first principle of his faith, instilled into his mind in youth, perfected by the labors of his later years; he hears in the slightest intimations of his chief at Rome the voice of his God, the commands from heaven;[*] and in the long catalogue of fearful deeds which history ascribes to the disciples of Loyola the first impulse to crime must always have come from the absolute head of the order, and its single aim has always been to advance the power of the Romish Church. Scarcely had its founder gained the favor of the Pope, and fixed his seat at Rome, when he revived the Inquisition.[†] Italy trembled before the spectacle of ceaseless *autos da fe;* the tortures and the cries of dying heretics, the ruin of countless families, the flight of terrified and hopeless throngs from their native land to the friendly shelter of Germany and Switzerland, were the earliest fruits of the relentless teachings of Loyola.[‡] The Jesuits led the armies of the persecutors into the beautiful Vaudois valleys, and the worst atrocities of that mournful example of human wickedness are due to their brutal fanaticism. Soon they spread from Italy through all the kingdoms of Europe; every where they brought with them their fierce and cruel hatred of religious freedom, their cunning, their moral degradation, their bold and desperate policy. They ruled in courts; they terrified the people into submission; they were the most active politicians of their time; their wealth was enormous; their schools and colleges spread from Paris to Japan; and for three centuries the name of the Jesuits, covered with the infamy of the massacres of the Vaudois, the Huguenots, the Hollanders, and the Germans, surrounded by its terrible mystery, the symbol of a dark and dreadful association, has filled mankind with horror and affright.

It was in the opening of the fifteenth century, almost at the moment when Luther began the German Reformation, that a wounded and disheartened Spanish noble and soldier—Ignatius Loyola—threw aside the rich trappings of his rank, exchanged his costly garments for the rags of a beggar, and hid himself in a cave at Manresa.[§] He was ignorant, while Luther was a scholar of rare attainments; he was a noble, while Luther was only a peasant's son; he had read only romances and the "Lives of the Saints," while the German thinker was familiar with all the learning of his progressive time. And Loyola, in his squalid cell, maddened by fasting and solitude, by conflicts with the Evil One, and a weariness of life that often drove him to the brink of suicide, was vouchsafed visions of the Virgin and the saints, embodied his religious and chivalric romances in a new faith, prepared those strange and visionary "Exercises" that form the first step in the education of every Jesuit, and came forth before the world the champion of Mary, Queen of Heaven. His appearance was so haggard that men feared him, his dress so foul that they shrank from him. He lived on alms. He would be a dervish or a daseri, a savage and a saint. While Luther was laboring to purify and dignify human nature, Loyola lived in monkish squalor, and strove to renew the superstitions of a fading barbarism. Yet he soon found the necessity of knowledge, and in his thirty-sixth year began his education. He entered the lowest class at college. He went up to Paris, to its eminent university; yet his intellect was dull, his progress slow. But at Paris he founded the germ of his society, and in a subterranean shrine, with several young associates who had been captivated by Loyola's sacred visions and intense faith, with Lainez, Bobadilla, and the gentler madman Xavier, he became devoted to the service of Mary and the Church. Haggard with penance, worn with toil, the enthusiasts preached at Venice, startled Italy; and at length Loyola, incited, his followers claim, by visions of Mary, and even by personal intercourse with the Divine Natures, entered Rome.[‖]

It was a moment (1537) of singular importance to the history of mankind. In every nation of Western Europe the opinions of Luther had penetrated, and every where the wise and the industrious were longing for a moral and mental reform. Bitter was the disgust with which men had begun to look upon the mendicancy of the monks, the vices of the clergy, and the corruptions of the Church; gladly they listened to the promises of a better life.[*] Italy and Spain were filled with reformers; princes and nobles were inclined to listen to the voice of truth and honesty; even the Pope, Paul III., hesitated. The head of the Roman Church seemed in doubt whether to place himself on the side of the reformers or to oppose them with but faint resistance. Yet scarcely had the stern and haggard Loyola, teeming with fanatical cruelty and spiritual pride, entered Rome, when the destiny of Europe and of mankind was changed. The Pope yielded to his arguments and his visions. The Romish Church proclaimed death to the heretic; a general Inquisition was invented; and that wild war was begun between medieval superstition and advancing civilization which for three centuries has rained waste and ruin upon the human race, and of which the society of Loyola has ever been the exciting cause. The society grew rapidly in numbers and in wealth. It was linked together by an organization so perfect as to surpass in vigor every other human institution. Its General was supreme; its four orders saw in Loyola the emblem of Divine goodness, the representative of Deity on earth. Its members were spies upon each other, betraying every secret to their spiritual chief. The whole body was guided by a single will, and the faith in the wildest extravagances of the medieval Church was enforced by a long and rigorous education, in which every doubt was heresy, and every impulse of reason was contemned. The Jesuit scholars came from their colleges fanatics as fierce and irrational as a dervish or a fakir, as bitter and often as cruel in their hatred for reform as Nero or Diocletian; and when in 1556 Loyola lay on his death-bed, torn, it is said, by dark misgivings, a comet of unprecedented magnitude hung in the sky—no unfitting emblem of that fiery and ominous spirit from which has descended a catalogue of woes to man.

The Jesuits checked forever all hope of change in the Romish Church; with them all was immutable. The wiser Roman Catholics had been prepared to abandon their images and their penances, celibacy, the single communion; and Germany and France had consented to make such liberal concessions to the Lutherans and the Huguenots as might have checked religious dissension and prevented religious wars. Christians seemed ready to unite in one fraternal association, and the dreadful stains of three centuries of discord might have been averted from the Christian name. But this the Jesuits prevented. Fierce and irreconcilable, they threw themselves into the arena of religious strife. They scattered the brands of discord. They obeyed the voice of Loyola, and offered to the heretic only death or utter submission. They converted all Italy by their remorseless argument. Only in the Vaudois valleys some germs of a purer faith survived. They stimulated kings to persecute reformers, nations to fight for the advancement of the papal rule. At the Council of Trent (1545–62), where the German and the French bishops seemed willing to soften the harsher traits of Romish superstition, and when all men hoped that a humane and liberal spirit might restore the union of the whole Christian brotherhood, the Jesuits, with fierce and intolerant zeal, stifled the voice of humanity and love. They ruled in the last great council that was to assemble for three centuries. The grossest superstitions were retained; the fiercest anathemas were hurled against every trace of dissent. The Jesuits demanded from the whole Christian world that perfect obedience to the papal rule in which they had themselves been trained, and the wildest extravagances of the faith of Loyola were ingrafted forever into the creed of the Romish Church.[*]



THE REV. FATHER BECKX, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUITS.

Luther had founded the free schools of Germany to enable all men to read the Bible; Loyola founded his schools and colleges to fix his own superstition ineffaceably in the minds of the young. By his Constitutions every Jesuit was to be a teacher. The Jesuits were diligent students. Their mental training was often careful, and their learning, within a fixed limit, was sometimes great. The Jesuit schools sprang up in all Catholic countries, and even made their way into Protestant lands. The Jesuit teachers became powerful agents in advancing or restoring the declining power of Rome. They strove to grasp the complete control of education, and they ever denounced as godless and immoral that system of public instruction which in Europe and America has stimulated the progress of industry and of honesty. They became prolific writers, learned, acute, but always coarse and tasteless; their controversial pieces were distinguished by gross personalities and vindictive bitterness; they wrote—perhaps they still write—with all the rage of unreflecting superstition, as if they would rather destroy than convince their adversaries. But their schools have long declined in moral and mental reputation; the popular system of education has outstripped the clerical, and the literature of the Jesuits has sunk into deserved neglect.[†]

It is as politicians, even more distinctly than as theologians, that the Jesuits have won the lasting infamy that must ever surround their career.[‡] Many excellent, charitable, and devoted men were numbered among the members of the society. It abounded in learning, and often in sincere, if misguided, faith. It helped the poor, it raised the sick, it taught the heathen, yet it was ever an instrument of such enormous evil as far outweighed its transient good. Like the Oriental conqueror, it massacred thousands; it stooped to raise and relieve the trembling beggar. As politicians, the Jesuits brought war, pestilence, and famine to Germany,[*] destroyed the impulse of reform in France, made Italy and Spain the scoff of nations, led the revolts of Ireland, stimulated the fanaticism of Alva, tormented far-distant China and Abyssinia, assailed Russia, filled England with plots, and taught the Romish Church its policy of persecution and intrigue. Every where the Jesuits were the most active of politicians, in wars, civil tumults, in Spanish Armadas, and sudden assassinations. At length all Christendom joined in suppressing the dangerous body.[†] Portugal and Pombal led (1753) the way. France and Spain leagued against the Jesuits. The Pope yielded (1773) to the demands of the Catholic nations. The society of Loyola was suppressed by a papal decree, and its colleges and schools, its enormous wealth, and its countless members dissipated, it was believed, forever. But in 1814, after an abeyance of more than forty years, the Pope revived the famous society. It sprang up into new strength; it has led the reactionary movement of the nineteenth century; it has revived the extravagant superstitions of Rome; it denounces, with maledictions and threatenings, the course of modern civilization. It brandished anew the sword of persecution from the Eternal City, and the fierce genius of Loyola presided at that last imperious council which two years ago declared a feeble mortal the vicar of God, and threatened with the curse of Heaven kings, potentates, or people who refused to submit to his infallible rule.

Thus the Romish Church has been transformed into the society of Loyola, and the doctrine of implicit obedience is made the single foundation of the papal faith. In the last great stage of religious controversy the spirit of the fanatical Loyola engages in a deadly struggle with the progressive genius of Luther; and it is as politicians that the Jesuits hope once more to reduce the world to subjection, to stop the progress of the purer Christianity. Wars and revolutions, plots, assassinations, intrigue, and unsparing cruelty, a moral corruption more gross than that displayed by Pascal, an intellectual dishonesty that no casuistry will cover, must mark in future the course of the Romish Church, until its people rise indignantly to throw off the yoke of foreign priests and dishonest leaders, and the Pope shall cease to be the slave and the victim of the order of the Jesuits. But already the world is in danger from the mad schemes of the triumphant society. It is rousing France to a new crusade with omens and pilgrimages. It threatens the German empire with a war more disastrous and destructive than Europe has ever seen. It summons its adherents to the polls in Italy; it guides the elections of Ireland, terrifies Spain, and even disturbs the repose of London; and in our own country, so recently torn by civil war, the papal crusaders, linked by the tie of perfect obedience, stand ready to profit by our misfortunes, and to stimulate our internal dissensions; to crush those institutions that have ever reproached their own despotism, and destroy that freedom which is the chief obstacle to their perpetual sway. In our country, in the most perilous crisis of its existence, the Jesuit faction has allied itself with the Ku-Klux and the rebels of the South. It has nominated Mr. Greeley, a person known to be in friendly connection with the Romish leaders, and closely linked to the papal Church. The Jesuit society assumes the guise of liberalism, and cheers on the rebel and the Ku-Klux in their plots against the Union. "Vote for Horace Greeley!" exclaims boldly the *Catholic Telegraph*, and every Jesuit paper. We trust that every sincere Protestant, every liberal Romanist throughout the land who would save freedom, education, and moral purity from endless ruin, will labor ceaselessly to defeat the schemes of the Jesuits, and drive their candidate back to a merited obscurity.

To our German population the political designs of the Jesuits are of singular interest, since between Germany and the powerful order a war is raging that can only end with the destruction of the German empire or the complete suppression of the society of Loyola. Like Pombal or Charles of Spain, France, Russia, Austria, Prince Bismarck has dissolved the order in Prussia. The austere Catholics of every land lament over his necessary severity as if it were an act of unexampled persecution; the Catholic press of America rings with loud outcries against the Prussian minister; the Romish Church every where assumes the cause of the fallen order, and threatens the ruin of the German empire. "This empire," says the New York *Catholic World*, "has enemies at home as well as abroad, and the Jesuits are in the van. All Catholics are its enemies."[‡] The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, the journal that forced the nomination of Mr. Greeley upon the Democratic Convention, teems with fierce threats against the peace of Germany. The London *Tablet* dreams of a coming crusade that shall make the Rhine run red with the blood of the conquerors of Alsace and Lorraine; and with menacing front the society of Loyola once more lifts its hydra heads, and in Europe and America disturbs the hopes of nations. It is as politicians that the Jesuits have ever been most feared. In Europe they stimulate the malignant impulses of fallen France; in America they link themselves with the Ku-Klux and the Southern rebels. They cover Grant with monstrous calumnies, and celebrate the erratic Greeley. Let every German beware lest he lend aid to the enemies of his country. Let him shrink from the support of any candidate who is maintained by the influence of the Jesuits.

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[*] Constitutiones So. Je., p. 68. Locum Dei tenenti, the General of the order is supreme. See Ravignan, i. p. 91. Je vois Dieu, j'entends Jésus Christ lui-même, dans mon supérieur.

[†] See Ranke, Popes; Inquisition, i. p. 74 *et seq.* Loyola recommended the establishment of the Inquisition to the Pope. The Jesuits claim for him the honor of having founded it.

[‡] Ranke, i. 74 *et seq.*, abounds in details. For the Jesuit rage against the Vaudois see Leger, L'Hist. Gen. des Eglises Vaudois, p. 3; and Muston, Hist. des Vaudois. The Jesuits from Turin desolated the beautiful valleys.

[§] Maffæus, Ig. Vita, i. p. 2. Ranke, Hist. Popes, i. p. 55. Cretineau-Joly, Hist. Comp. de Jésus, i. p. 14. Daurignac abridges Cretineau-Joly. Ignatius exchanged his clothes pannoso cuidam ex infima plebe. His hair he left impexum et squalidum. See Maff., i. p. 6, for his barbarous tastes.

[‖] Loyola was the most devoted of Mary's worshipers; his followers have exalted her to the head of the Church. See the "Exercises." Colloquium primum fit ad Dominam nostram, etc. See London *Tablet*, September, 1872.

[*] Cretineau-Joly, i. p. 35. La Crise du Protestantisme était, etc. See, too, Sarpi, Con. Trent, i. p. 101, and p. 69; Ranke, i. 74; Bower, Popes, vii. p. 457. Steinmetz, Hist. Jes., may be consulted for the spread of Jesuitism.

[*] Sarpi, 1562, i. p. 19. Cretineau-Joly, i. p. 261. At the Council of Trent Lainez, Salmeron, and Le Jay finally controlled the decisions. See Salmeron's bitter speech, Acta Con. Trid., i. 93. The council breathed death to heretics. See Qui contravenerint—pœnis a juris statutis puniantur; and Pallavicino, iii. 261-272.

[†] The learned Tiraboschi and the scientific Boscovitch flourished during the suppression of the order.

[‡] All the historians of eminence unite in their estimate of the infamous character of the Jesuits. To Macaulay they are "liars"—see art. Macchiavelli; to Hume, Loyola and Dominic are savages. Robertson, Charles V., book vi., notices the "pernicious effect" of their "vast influence," their "pliant morality," their relentless spirit. Motley, Netherlands, iii. p. 444, 446, describes their brutal cruelty. Pascal has unfolded the depths of their immorality. St. Simon, Jésuites, describes their wonderful power in the fearful reign of Louis XIV. Mouravieff, Hist. Russ. Church, trans., p. 122, and Karamsin, indicate their remorseless hate for Russia.

[*] Kohlrauch. Motley, iii. 446.

[†] Cretineau-Joly, v. p. 290, relates the dispersion and the sufferings of the Jesuits. See Steinmetz, ii. p. 463; Tschudi, Travels in Peru, p. 67.

[‡] October, p. 12.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

OH, say, have you seen by the calcium's glare
The gathering together from East and from West
And from North and from South, from each hiding-place where
The hunger for place gnaws the malcontent's breast?
The gathering together, the counting of clans,
The girding of armor, the buckling of shields:
Sure never, since peace and good order were man's,
Have their foes marshaled stronger on Tammany's fields.

And the banner they bear through the sulphurous air
Is redder because of the blood of our dead;
And they who died keeping it whole and so fair
Never thought it would wave o'er a backslider's head.
Oh, shame! Pull it down, and run up in its stead
The mutineers' flag that we spoiled long ago.
March under true colors—your red, white, and red—
Since you are not content with the harvest of woe

That we reaped of their planting in season of war.
Our enemies met us then full to the face;
They withdrew, and they quartered their forces afar,
And they left us the flag that you claim and—disgrace;
And to see it wave over this infamous pact
That ye dare to proclaim 'neath its white, blue, and rose,
While in concert its false friends and true haters act—
To see it aloft in the hands of its foes!

Ye're its foes! Thrice its foes! And the worst of its foes!
How dare ye plot under its sanctified folds?
'Tis the hope of the wide world, the cure of its woes;
It grants what the creed of your faction withholds.
And ye claim it! That flag! to whose waving the eyes
Of Our Best, dying victors, looked blessings in death!
Then most of you, seeing it blazon the skies,
Cursed it strongly and deeply, but—under your breath!

(Continued from No. 824, page 791.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND.

CHAPTER XLV.

> "It is the humor of many heads to extol the days of their forefathers, and declaim against the wickedness of times present. Which notwithstanding they can not handsomely do, without the borrowed help and satire of times past; condemning the vices of their own times by the expressions of vices in times which they commend, which can not but argue the community of vice in both. Horace, therefore, Juvenal, and Persius were no prophets, although their lines did seem to indigitate and point at our times."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Pseudodoxia Epidemica.*

THAT opposition to the New Fever Hospital which Lydgate had sketched to Dorothea was, like other oppositions, to be viewed in many different lights. He regarded it as a mixture of jealousy and dunderheaded prejudice. Mr. Bulstrode saw in it not only medical jealousy, but a determination to thwart himself, prompted mainly by a hatred of that vital religion of which he had striven to be an effectual lay representative—a hatred which certainly found pretexts apart from religion such as were only too easy to find in the entanglements of human action. These might be called the ministerial views. But oppositions have the illimitable range of objections at command, which need never stop short at the boundary of knowledge, but can draw forever on the vasts of ignorance. What the opposition in Middlemarch said about the New Hospital and its administration had certainly a great deal of echo in it, for Heaven has taken care that every body shall not be an originator; but there were differences which represented every social shade between the polished moderation of Dr. Minchin and the trenchant assertion of Mrs. Dollop, the landlady of the Tankard in Slaughter Lane.

Mrs. Dollop became more and more convinced by her own asseveration that Dr. Lydgate meant to let the people die in the Hospital, if not to poison them, for the sake of cutting them up without saying by your leave or with your leave; for it was a known "fac" that he had wanted to cut up Mrs. Goby, as respectable a woman as any in Parley Street, who had money in trust before her marriage—a poor tale for a doctor, who, if he was good for any thing, should know what was the matter with you before you died, and not want to pry into your inside after you were gone. If that was not reason, Mrs. Dollop wished to know what was; but there was a prevalent feeling in her audience that her opinion was a bulwark, and that if it were overthrown there would be no limit to the cutting up of bodies, as had been well seen in Burke and Hare with their pitch plasters—such a hanging business as that was not wanted in Middlemarch!

And let it not be supposed that opinion at the Tankard in Slaughter Lane was unimportant to the medical profession: that old authentic public-house—the original Tankard, known by the name of Dollop's—was the resort of a great Benefit Club, which had some months before put to the vote whether its long-standing medical man, "Doctor Gambit," should not be cashiered in favor of "this Doctor Lydgate," who was capable of performing the most astonishing cures, and rescuing people altogether given up by other practitioners. But the balance had been turned against Lydgate by two members who for some private reasons held that this power of resuscitating persons as good as dead was an equivocal recommendation, and might interfere with providential favors. In the course of the year, however, there had been a change in the public sentiment, of which the unanimity at Dollop's was an index.

A good deal more than a year ago, before any thing was known of Lydgate's skill, the judgments on it had naturally been divided, depending on a sense of likelihood, situated perhaps in the pit of the stomach or in the pineal gland, and differing in its verdicts, but not the less valuable as a guide in the total deficit of evidence. Patients who had chronic diseases or whose lives had long been worn threadbare, like old Featherstone's, had been at once inclined to try him; also many who did not like paying their doctor's bills thought agreeably of opening an account with a new doctor, and sending for him without stint if the children's temper wanted a dose, occasions when the old practitioners were often crusty; and all persons thus inclined to employ Lydgate held it likely that he was clever. Some considered that he might do more than others "where there was liver;" at least there would be no harm in getting a few bottles of "stuff" from him, since if these proved useless it would still be possible to return to the Purifying Pills, which kept you alive, if they did not remove the yellowness. But these were people of minor importance. Good Middlemarch families were of course not going to change their doctor without reason shown; and every body who had employed Mr. Peacock did not feel obliged to accept a new man merely in the character of his successor, objecting that he was "not likely to be equal to Peacock."

But Lydgate had not been long in the town before there were particulars enough reported of him to breed much more specific expectations and to intensify differences into partisanship; some of the particulars being of that impressive order of which the significance is entirely hidden, like a statistical amount without a standard of comparison, but with a note of exclamation at the end. The cubic feet of oxygen yearly swallowed by a full-grown man—what a shudder they might have created in some Middlemarch circles! "Oxygen! nobody knows what that may be—is it any wonder the cholera has got to Dantzic? And yet there are people who say quarantine is no good!"

One of the facts quickly rumored was that Lydgate did not dispense drugs. This was offensive both to the physicians whose exclusive distinction seemed infringed on, and to the surgeon-apothecaries with whom he ranged himself; and only a little while before they might have counted on having a law on their side against a man who, without calling himself a London-made M.D., dared to ask for pay except as a charge on drugs. But Lydgate had not been experienced enough to foresee that his new course would be even more offensive to the laity; and to Mr. Mawmsey, an important grocer in the Top Market, who, though not one of his patients, questioned him in an affable manner on the subject, he was injudicious enough to give a hasty popular explanation of his reasons, pointing out to Mr. Mawmsey that it must lower the character of practitioners, and be a constant injury to the public, if their only mode of getting paid for their work was by their making out long bills for draughts, boluses, and mixtures.

"It is in that way that hard-working medical men may come to be almost as mischievous as quacks," said Lydgate, rather thoughtlessly. "To get their own bread they must overdose the king's lieges; and that's a bad sort of treason, Mr. Mawmsey—undermines the constitution in a fatal way."

Mr. Mawmsey was not only an overseer (it was about a question of out-door pay that he was having an interview with Lydgate), he was also asthmatic and had an increasing family: thus, from a medical point of view, as well as from his own, he was an important man; indeed, an exceptional grocer, whose hair was arranged in a flame-like pyramid, and whose retail deference was of the cordial, encouraging kind—jocosely complimentary, and with a certain considerate abstinence from letting out the full force of his mind. It was Mr. Mawmsey's friendly jocoseness in questioning him which had set the tone of Lydgate's reply. But let the wise be warned against too great readiness at explanation: it multiplies the sources of mistake, lengthening the sum for reckoners sure to go wrong.

Lydgate smiled as he ended his speech, putting his foot into the stirrup, and Mr. Mawmsey laughed more than he would have done if he had known who the king's lieges were, giving his "Good-morning, Sir, good-morning, Sir," with the air of one who saw every thing clearly enough. But in truth his views were perturbed. For years he had been paying bills with strictly made items, so that for every half crown and eighteenpence he was certain something measurable had been delivered. He had done this with satisfaction, including it among his responsibilities as a husband and father, and regarding a longer bill than usual as a dignity worth mentioning. Moreover, in addition to the massive benefit of the drugs to "self and family," he had enjoyed the pleasure of forming an acute judgment as to their immediate effects, so as to give an intelligent statement for the guidance of Mr. Gambit—a practitioner just a little lower in status than Wrench or Toller, and especially esteemed as an accoucheur, of whose ability Mr. Mawmsey had the poorest opinion on all other points, but in doctoring, he was wont to say in an under-tone, he placed Gambit above any of them.

Here were deeper reasons than the superficial talk of a new man, which appeared still flimsier in the drawing-room over the shop, when they were recited to Mrs. Mawmsey, a woman accustomed to be made much of as a fertile mother—generally under attendance more or less frequent from Mr. Gambit, and occasionally having attacks which required Dr. Minchin.

"Does this Mr. Lydgate mean to say there is no use in taking medicine?" said Mrs. Mawmsey, who was slightly given to drawling. "I should like him to tell me how I could bear up at Fair time, if I didn't take strengthening medicine for a month beforehand. Think of what I have to provide for calling customers, my dear!"—here Mrs. Mawmsey turned to an intimate female friend who sat by—"a large veal pie—a stuffed fillet—a round of beef—ham, tongue, *et cetera, et cetera!* But what keeps me up best is the pink mixture, not the brown. I wonder Mr. Mawmsey, with *your* experience, you could have patience to listen. *I* should have told him at once that I knew a little better than that."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Mawmsey; "I was not going to tell him my opinion. Hear every thing and judge for yourself, is my motto. But he didn't know who he was talking to. I was not to be turned on *his* finger. People often pretend to tell me things, when they might as well say, 'Mawmsey, you're a fool.' But I smile at it: I humor every body's weak place. If physic had done harm to self and family, I should have found it out by this time."

The next day Mr. Gambit was told that Lydgate went about saying physic was of no use.

"Indeed!" said he, lifting his eyebrows with cautious surprise. (He was a stout, husky man, with a large ring on his fourth finger.) "How will he cure his patients, then?"

"That is what *I* say," returned Mrs. Mawmsey, who habitually gave weight to her speech by loading her pronouns. "Does *he* suppose that people will pay him only to come and sit with them and go away again?"

Mrs. Mawmsey had had a great deal of sitting from Mr. Gambit, including very full accounts of his own habits of body and other affairs; but of course he knew there was no innuendo in her remark, since his spare time and personal narrative had never been charged for. So he replied, humorously,

"Well, Lydgate is a good-looking young fellow, you know."

"Not one that *I* would employ," said Mrs. Mawmsey. "*Others* may do as they please."

Hence Mr. Gambit could go away from the chief grocer's without fear of rivalry, but not without a sense that Lydgate was one of those hypocrites who try to discredit others by advertising their own honesty, and that it might be worth some people's while to show him up. Mr. Gambit, however, had a satisfactory practice, much pervaded by the smells of retail trading which suggested the reduction of cash payments to a balance. And he did not think it worth his while to show Lydgate up until he knew how. He had not indeed great resources of education, and had had to work his own way against a good deal of professional contempt; but he made none the worse accoucheur for calling the breathing apparatus "longs."

Other medical men felt themselves more capable. Mr. Toller shared the highest practice in the town, and belonged to an old Middlemarch family. There were Tollers in the law and every thing else above the line of retail trade. Unlike our irascible friend Wrench, he had the easiest way in the world of taking things which might be supposed to annoy him, being a well-bred, quietly facetious man, who kept a good house, was very fond of a little sporting when he could get it, very friendly with Mr. Hawley, and hostile to Mr. Bulstrode. It may seem odd that with such pleasant habits he should have been given to the heroic treatment, bleeding and blistering and starving his patients, with a dispassionate disregard to his personal example; but the incongruity favored the opinion of his ability among his patients, who commonly observed that Mr. Toller had lazy manners, but his treatment was as active as you could desire. No man, said they, carried more seriousness into his profession: he was a little slow in coming, but when he came he *did* something. He was a great favorite in his own circle, and whatever he implied to any one's disadvantage told doubly from his careless ironical tone.

He naturally got tired of smiling and saying, "Ah!" when he was told that Mr. Peacock's successor did not mean to dispense medicines; and Mr. Hackbutt one day mentioning it over the wine at a dinner-party, Mr. Toller said, laughingly, "Dibbitts will get rid of his stale drugs, then. I'm fond of little Dibbitts—I'm glad he's in luck."

"I see your meaning, Toller," said Mr. Hackbutt, "and I am entirely of your opinion. I shall take an opportunity of expressing myself to that effect. A medical man should be responsible for the quality of the drugs consumed by his patients. That is the *rationale* of the system of charging which has hitherto obtained; and nothing is more offensive than this ostentation of reform, where there is no real amelioration."

"Ostentation, Hackbutt?" said Mr. Toller, ironically. "I don't see that. A man can't very well be ostentatious of what nobody believes in. There's no reform in the matter: the question is, whether the profit on the drugs is paid to the medical man by the druggist or by the patient, and whether there shall be extra pay under the name of attendance."

"Ah, to be sure; one of your damned new versions of old humbug," said Mr. Hawley, passing the decanter to Mr. Wrench.

Mr. Wrench, generally abstemious, often drank wine rather freely at a party, getting the more irritable in consequence.

"As to humbug, Hawley," he said, "that's a word easy to fling about. But what I contend against is the way medical men are fouling their own nest, and setting up a cry about the country as if a general practitioner who dispenses drugs couldn't be a gentleman. I throw back the imputation with scorn. I say, the most ungentlemanly trick a man can be guilty of is to come among the members of his profession with innovations which are a libel on their time-honored procedure. That is my opinion, and I am ready to maintain it against any one who contradicts me." Mr. Wrench's voice had become exceedingly sharp.

"I can't oblige you there, Wrench," said Mr. Hawley, thrusting his hands into his trowser-pockets.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Toller, striking in pacifically, and looking at Mr. Wrench, "the physicians have their toes trodden on more than we have. If you come to dignity, it is a question for Minchin and Sprague."

"Does medical jurisprudence provide nothing against these infringements?" said Mr. Hackbutt, with a disinterested desire to offer his lights. "How does the law stand, eh, Hawley?"

"Nothing to be done there," said Mr. Hawley. "I looked into it for Sprague. You'd only break your nose against a damned judge's decision."

"Pooh! no need of law," said Mr. Toller. "So far as practice is concerned the attempt is an absurdity. No patient will like it—certainly not Peacock's, who have been used to depletion. Pass the wine."

Mr. Toller's prediction was partly verified. If Mr. and Mrs. Mawmsey, who had no idea of employing Lydgate, were made uneasy by his supposed declaration against drugs, it was inevitable that those who called him in should watch a little anxiously to see whether he did "use all the means he might use" in the case. Even good Mr. Powderell, who in his constant charity of interpretation was inclined to esteem Lydgate the more for what seemed a conscientious pursuit of a better plan, had his mind disturbed with doubts during his wife's attack of erysipelas, and could not abstain from mentioning to Lydgate that Mr. Peacock on a similar occasion had administered a series of boluses which were not otherwise definable than by their remarkable effect in bringing Mrs. Powderell round before Michaelmas from an illness which had begun in a remarkably hot August. At last, indeed, in the conflict between his desire not to hurt Lydgate and his anxiety that no "means" should be lacking, he induced his wife privately to take Widgeon's Purifying Pills, an esteemed Middlemarch medicine, which arrested every disease at the fountain by setting to work at once upon the blood. This co-operative measure was not to be mentioned to Lydgate, and Mr. Powderell himself had no certain reliance on it, only hoping that it might be attended with a blessing.

But in this doubtful stage of Lydgate's introduction he was helped by what we mortals rashly call good fortune. I suppose no doctor ever came newly to a place without making cures that surprised somebody—cures which may be called fortune's testimonials, and deserve as much credit as the written or printed kind. Various patients got well while Lydgate was attending them, some even of dangerous illnesses; and it was remarked that the new doctor with his new ways had at least the merit of bringing people back from the brink of death. The trash talked on such occasions was the more vexatious to Lydgate because it gave precisely the sort of prestige which an incompetent and unscrupulous man would desire, and was sure to be imputed to him by the simmering dislike of the other medical men as an encouragement on his own part of ignorant puffing. But even his proud outspokenness was checked by the discernment that it was as useless to fight against the interpretations of ignorance as to whip the fog; and "good fortune" insisted on using those interpretations.

Mrs. Larcher having just become charitably concerned about alarming symptoms in her charwoman, when Dr. Minchin called, asked him to see her then and there, and give her a certificate for the Infirmary; whereupon after examination he wrote a statement of the case as one of tumor, and recommended the bearer, Nancy Nash, as an out-patient. Nancy, calling at home on her way to the Infirmary, allowed the stay-maker and his wife, in whose attic she lodged, to read Dr. Minchin's paper, and by this means became a subject of compassionate conversation in the neighboring shops of Church-yard Lane as being afflicted with a tumor, at first declared to be as large and hard as a duck's egg, but later in the day to be about the size of "your fist." Most hearers agreed that it would have to be cut out, but one had known of oil and another of "squitchineal" as adequate to soften and reduce any lump in the body when taken enough of into the inside—the oil by gradually "soopling," the squitchineal by eating away.

Meanwhile, when Nancy presented herself at the Infirmary, it happened to be one of Lydgate's days there. After questioning and examining her, Lydgate said to the house surgeon in an under-tone, "It's not tumor: it's cramp." He ordered her a blister and some steel mixture, and told her to go home and rest, giving her at the same time a note to Mrs. Larcher, who, she said, was her best employer, to testify that she was in need of good food.

But by-and-by Nancy, in her attic, became portentously worse, the supposed tumor having indeed given way to the blister, but only wandered to another region with angrier pain. The stay-maker's wife went to fetch Lydgate, and he continued for a fortnight to attend Nancy in her own home, until under his treatment she got quite well and went to work again. But the case continued to be described as one of tumor in Church-yard Lane and other streets—nay, by Mrs. Larcher also; for when Lydgate's remarkable cure was mentioned to Dr. Minchin, he naturally did not like to say, "The case was not one of tumor, and I was mistaken in describing it as such," but answered, "Indeed! ah! I saw it was a surgical case, not of a fatal kind." He had been inwardly annoyed, however, when he had asked at the Infirmary about the woman he had recommended two days before, to hear from the house surgeon, a youngster who was not sorry to vex Minchin with impunity, exactly what had occurred: he privately pronounced that it was indecent in a general practitioner to contradict a physician's diagnosis in that open manner, and afterward agreed with Wrench that Lydgate was disagreeably inattentive to etiquette. Lydgate did not make the affair a ground for valuing himself or (very particularly) despising Minchin, such rectification of misjudgments often happening among men of equal qualifications. But report took up this amazing case of tumor, not clearly distinguished from cancer, and considered the more awful for being of the wandering sort, till much prejudice against Lydgate's method as to drugs was overcome by the proof of his marvelous skill in the speedy restoration of Nancy Nash after she had been rolling and rolling in agonies from the presence of a tumor both hard and obstinate, but nevertheless compelled to yield.

How could Lydgate help himself? It is offensive to tell a lady, when she is expressing her amazement at your skill, that she is altogether mistaken and rather foolish in her amazement. And to have entered into the nature of diseases would only have added to his breaches of medical propriety. Thus he had to wince under a promise of success given by that ignorant praise which misses every valid quality.

In the case of a more conspicuous patient, Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, Lydgate was conscious of having shown himself something better than an every-day doctor, though here too it was an equivocal advantage that he won. The eloquent auctioneer was seized with pneumonia, and having been a patient of Mr. Peacock's, sent for Lydgate, whom he had expressed his intention to patronize. Mr. Trumbull was a robust man, a good subject for trying the expectant theory upon—watching the course of an interesting disease when left as much as possible to itself, so that the stages might be noted for future guidance; and from the air with which he described his sensations Lydgate surmised that he would like to be taken into his medical man's confidence, and be represented as a partner in his own cure. The auctioneer heard, without much surprise, that his was a constitution which (always with due watching) might be left to itself, so as to offer a beautiful example of a disease with all its phases seen in clear delineation, and that he probably had the rare strength of mind voluntarily to become the test of a rational procedure, and thus make the disorder of his pulmonary functions a general benefit to society.

Mr. Trumbull acquiesced at once, and entered strongly into the view that an illness of his was no ordinary occasion for medical science.

"Never fear, Sir; you are not speaking to one who is altogether ignorant of the *vis medicatrix*," said he, with his usual superiority of expression, made rather pathetic by difficulty of breathing. And he went without shrinking through his abstinence from drugs, much sustained by application of the thermometer which implied the importance of his temperature, by the sense that he furnished objects for the microscope, and by learning many new words which seemed suited to the dignity of his secretions. For Lydgate was acute enough to indulge him with a little technical talk.

It may be imagined that Mr. Trumbull rose from his couch with a disposition to speak of an illness in which he had manifested the strength of his mind as well as constitution; and he was not backward in awarding credit to the medical man who had discerned the quality of patient he had to deal with. The auctioneer was not an ungenerous man, and liked to give others their due, feeling that he could afford it. He had caught the words "expectant method," and rang chimes on this and other learned phrases to accompany the assurance that Lydgate "knew a thing or two more than the rest of the doctors—was far better versed in the secrets of his profession than the majority of his compeers."

This had happened before the affair of Fred Vincy's illness had given to Mr. Wrench's enmity toward Lydgate more definite personal ground. The new-comer already threatened to be a nuisance in the shape of rivalry, and was certainly a nuisance in the shape of practical criticism or reflections on his hard-driven elders, who had had something else to do than to busy themselves with untried notions. His practice had spread in one or two quarters, and from the first the report of his high family had led to his being pretty generally invited, so that the other medical men had to meet him at dinner in the best houses; and having to meet a man whom you dislike is not observed always to end in a mutual attachment. There was hardly ever so much unanimity among them as in the opinion that Lydgate was an arrogant young fellow, and yet ready, for the sake of ultimately predominating, to show a crawling subservience to Bulstrode. That Mr. Farebrother, whose name was a chief flag of the anti-Bulstrode party, always defended Lydgate and made a friend of him, was referred to Farebrother's unaccountable way of fighting on both sides.

Here was plenty of preparation for the outburst of professional disgust at the announcement of the laws Mr. Bulstrode was laying down for the direction of the New Hospital, which were the more exasperating because there was no present possibility of interfering with his will and pleasure, every body except Lord Medlicote having refused help toward the building, on the ground that they preferred giving to the Old Infirmary. Mr. Bulstrode met all the expenses, and had ceased to be sorry that he was purchasing the right to carry out his notions of improvement without hinderance from prejudiced coadjutors; but he had had to spend large sums, and the building had lingered. Caleb Garth had undertaken it, had failed during its progress, and before the interior fittings were begun had retired from the management of the business; and when referring to the Hospital he often said that however Bulstrode might ring if you tried him, he liked good, solid carpentry and masonry, and had a notion both of drains and chimneys. In fact, the Hospital had become an object of intense interest to Bulstrode, and he would willingly have continued to spare a large yearly sum that he might rule it dictatorially without any Board; but he had another favorite object, which also required some money for its accomplishment: he wished to buy some land in the neighborhood of Middlemarch, and therefore he wished to get some considerable contributions toward maintaining the Hospital. Meanwhile he framed his plan of management. The Hospital was to be reserved for fever in all its forms; Lydgate was to be chief medical superintendent, that he might have free authority to pursue all comparative investigations which his studies, particularly in Paris, had shown him the importance of, the other medical visitors having a consultative influence, but no power to contravene Lydgate's ultimate decisions; and the general management was to be lodged exclusively in the hands of five directors associated with Mr. Bulstrode, who were to have votes in the ratio of their contributions, the Board itself filling up any vacancy in its numbers, and no mob of small contributors being admitted to a share of government.

There was an immediate refusal on the part of every medical man in the town to become a visitor at the Fever Hospital.

"Very well," said Lydgate to Mr. Bulstrode; "we have a capital house surgeon and dispenser, a clear-headed, neat-handed fellow; we'll get Webbe from Crabsley, as good a country practitioner as any of them, to come over twice a week, and in case of any exceptional operation, Protheroe will come from Brassing. I must work the harder, that's all, and I have given up my post at the Infirmary. The plan will flourish in spite of them, and then they'll be glad to come in. Things can't last as they are: there must be all sorts of reform soon, and then young fellows may be glad to come and study here." Lydgate was in high spirits.

"I shall not flinch, you may depend upon it, Mr. Lydgate," said Mr. Bulstrode. "While I see you carrying out high intentions with vigor, you shall have my unfailing support. And I have humble confidence that the blessing which has hitherto attended my efforts against the spirit of evil in this town will not be withdrawn. Suitable directors to assist me I have no doubt of securing. Mr. Brooke of Tipton has already given me his concurrence, and a pledge to contribute yearly: he has not specified the sum—probably not a great one. But he will be a useful member of the Board."

A useful member was perhaps to be defined as one who would originate nothing, and always vote with Mr. Bulstrode.

The medical aversion to Lydgate was hardly disguised now. Neither Dr. Sprague nor Dr. Minchin said that he disliked Lydgate's knowledge, or his disposition to improve treatment: what they disliked was his arrogance, which nobody felt to be altogether deniable. They implied that he was insolent, pretentious, and given to that reckless innovation for the sake of noise and show which was the essence of the charlatan.

The word charlatan, once thrown on the air, could not be let drop. In those days the world was agitated about the wondrous doings of Mr. St. John Long, "noblemen and gentlemen" attesting his extraction of a fluid like mercury from the temples of a patient.

Mr. Toller remarked one day, smilingly, to Mrs. Taft, that "Bulstrode had found a man to suit him in Lydgate; a charlatan in religion is sure to like other sorts of charlatans."

"Yes, indeed, I can imagine," said Mrs. Taft, keeping the number of thirty stitches carefully in her mind all the while; "there are so many of that sort. I remember Mr. Cheshire, with his irons, trying to make people straight when the Almighty had made them crooked."

"No, no," said Mr. Toller; "Cheshire was all right—all fair and above-board. But there's St. John Long—that's the kind of fellow we call a charlatan, advertising cures in ways nobody knows any thing about: a fellow who wants to make a noise by pretending to go deeper than other people. The other day he was pretending to tap a man's brain and get quicksilver out of it."

"Good gracious! what dreadful trifling with people's constitutions!" said Mrs. Taft.

After this it came to be held in various quarters that Lydgate played even with respectable constitutions for his own purposes, and how much more likely that in his flighty experimenting he should make sixes and sevens of hospital patients. Especially it was to be expected, as the landlady of the Tankard had said, that he would recklessly cut up their dead bodies. For Lydgate having attended Mrs. Goby, who died apparently of a heart-disease not very clearly expressed in the symptoms, too daringly asked leave of her relatives to open the body, and thus gave an offense quickly spreading beyond Parley Street, where that lady had long resided on an income such as made this association of her body with the victims of Burke and Hare a flagrant insult to her memory.

Affairs were in this stage when Lydgate opened the subject of the Hospital to Dorothea. We see that he was bearing enmity and silly misconception with much spirit, aware that they were partly created by his good share of success.

"They will not drive me away," he said, talking confidentially in Mr. Farebrother's study. "I have got a good opportunity here, for the ends I care most about; and I am pretty sure to get income enough for our wants. By-and-by I shall go on as quietly as possible: I have no seductions now away from home and work. And I am more and more convinced that it will be possible to demonstrate the homogeneous origin of all the tissues. Raspail and others are on the same track, and I have been losing time."

"I have no power of prophecy there," said Mr. Farebrother, who had been puffing at his pipe thoughtfully while Lydgate talked; "but as to the hostility in the town, you'll weather it, if you are prudent."

"How am I to be prudent?" said Lydgate. "I just do what comes before me to do. I can't help people's ignorance and spite, any more than Vesalius could. It isn't possible to square one's conduct to silly conclusions which nobody can foresee."

"Quite true; I didn't mean that. I meant only two things. One is, keep yourself as separable from Bulstrode as you can: of course you can go on doing good work of your own by his help; but don't get tied. Perhaps it seems like personal feeling in me to say so—and there's a good deal of that, I own—but personal feeling is not always in the wrong if you boil it down to the impressions which make it simply an opinion."

"Bulstrode is nothing to me," said Lydgate, carelessly, "except on public grounds. As to getting very closely united to him, I am not fond enough of him for that. But what was the other thing you meant?" said Lydgate, who was nursing his leg as comfortably as possible, and feeling in no great need of advice.

"Why, this. Take care—*experto crede*—take care not to get hampered about money-matters. I know, by a word you let fall one day, that you don't like my playing at cards so much for money. You are right enough there. But try and keep clear of wanting small sums that you haven't got. I am perhaps talking rather superfluously; but a man likes to assume superiority over himself, by holding up his bad example and sermonizing on it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Agassiz, in a letter dated July 29, and addressed to Professor Peirce, makes a second communication in reference to the geological structure of Southern South America, with special reference to the glacial phenomena heretofore indicated by him. He refers to the broad Chilian valley which lies between the Andes and the coast range, and extends from the Gulf of Ancud to Santiago, and still further north. This is a continuation, upon a high level, of the channels which, from the Strait of Magellan to Chiloe, separate the islands from the main-land, with the sole interruption of Tres Montes. This great valley, covering some 25° of latitude, he considers as a continuous glacier bottom, giving indications throughout its entire length of the great southern ice sheet which has been moving northward in it. He found nothing to show that glaciers had descended from the Andes and crossed this valley so as to reach the shores of the Pacific.

Between Currillo and Santiago, however, passing the gorge of Tenon, he saw two distinct lateral moraines parallel to one another. These were chiefly composed of volcanic boulders resting upon the old drift, and indicated by their position the course of a large glacier that once poured down from the Andes of Tenon and crossed the main valley, without, however, extending beyond the eastern slope of the coast range. These moraines are so well marked that they are known throughout the country as the Cerillos of Tenon.

He finds it difficult in his brief communication to describe the successive retrograde steps of the great southern ice-field that, step by step, left to the north of it larger or smaller tracts of the valley free of ice, so that large glacial lakes could be formed, and, in fact, seem always to have existed, along the retreating edge of the great southern glacier. The natural consequence is that there are every where stratified terraces without border barriers (these originally constituted by the ice that has vanished) resting at successively higher or lower levels as one moves north or south upon unstratified drift of older date, the northernmost of these terraces being the oldest, while those farther south belong to later steps in the waning of the ice-fields.

Professor Marsh continues to publish descriptions of the rich treasures of fossil vertebrates gathered in the Rocky Mountains during the summers of 1870 and 1871, his last announcement being of new birds, embracing five species of a new genus of waders, *Aletornis*, and one species of *Uintornis*, probably belonging to the woodpeckers. He also announces a new species of *Catarractes* from the post-pliocene of Bangor, in Maine, together with a new *turkey* and a new *crane* from the post-pliocene of New Jersey.

Some idea of the economical value of streams abounding in salmon may be gathered from the statistics of the salmon fishery of the Columbia River during the past season, which lasted from April 1 to the end of July. The number of fish consumed fresh, on the river, and even exported to other parts along the coast, can not be ascertained with perfect correctness; but the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives the amount of the catch of salmon by six establishments for the purpose of canning and salting. From this paper we learn that during the above-named period 170,000 salmon, weighing, when dressed, 2,700,000 pounds, were canned, filling 56,250 boxes of 48 pounds each, their wholesale value amounting to $242,000. The pickled salmon amounted to 162,000, weighing, when dressed, 2,600,000 pounds, and filling 13,000 barrels of 200 pounds each, and worth $117,000. The total number of salmon taken in four months on the lower Columbia, for canning and curing purposes, thus amounted to 332,000, weighing 5,300,000 pounds, and worth $359,000. The canned salmon of the Columbia River are rapidly finding their way to, and a ready market in, all parts of the world, in consequence of their deep red color, great richness, and fine flavor.

A correspondent of the Alaska *Herald* writes from the Shumagin Islands, giving some account of the cod-fishery of the present season. He reports a great deal of rough weather during the summer in consequence of the prevalence of strong south and southeasterly winds. The atmosphere was thick with fog, and the rains heavy in consequence. The sun had been seen only twice during the preceding three months. The principal business carried on at the islands is the capture of cod-fish, numerous vessels being there diligently engaged in this work. The fish are taken in small boats by means of lines armed with eleven and twelve inch hooks. The best bait consists of halibut and cuttle-fish. Each fisherman takes from three to four hundred fish in a day. As soon as the catch is brought on board the vessel the fish are salted and packed away, and not again touched until the cargo reaches its destination. Much of the work is done by Aleuts, who are admirable fishermen, although somewhat difficult to train in methods different from those to which they have been accustomed. One of the vessels at the islands expected to leave a portion of her crew at a point on Falmouth Harbor for the purpose of hunting during the winter.

The chain of mountains which detaches itself from the ridge of the Venezuelan Andes near Barquesimeto presents two great heights near Caracas. The lower is the Silla of Caracas, and was ascended by Humboldt, and its height has lately been ascertained to be 8833 feet above the sea-level. The other is the peak of Naiguata, which has been generally considered inaccessible; but in April last it was ascended by Mr. James M. Spence, with a party of friends, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Antonio Goering, the well-known correspondent of the Zoological Society of London. The elevation was determined, by means of an aneroid barometer, to be 9430 feet. Much interesting information was obtained in regard to the structure of the peaks, and various collections of plants and animals were brought back, including several new to the flora of the country. One grass was decided by Dr. Ernst to be new, and was named by him *Chusquea spencei*.

Astronomers will regret to hear of the death, by drowning, of M. Delaunay, late director of the Paris Observatory. This sad occurrence took place by the upsetting of a boat in an excursion on the coast of Normandy. As his father perished by a similar calamity, M. Delaunay had always a great fear of the water. His place will probably be filled by M. Faye. M. Delaunay had occupied his position but a short time, having succeeded M. Leverrier.

The tenth part of the illustrated quarto publication upon the butterflies of North America, by Mr. William H. Edwards, has just made its appearance. This should have completed the first volume, but as better specimens have been obtained of several species heretofore figured, it is Mr. Edwards's intention to furnish these in a supplemental number, with the title-page and indexes.

This work, in addition to the numerous colored figures and the elaborate descriptions of various species and their varieties, contains a synoptic list of North American butterflies, embracing 509 species, of which, previous to 1852, only 137 were known as belonging to North America. Sixty-one species were added between 1852 and 1860, and 311 since the latter year. There is every reason to believe that, with a thorough exploration of other regions of North America, many more will be found and added to this number.

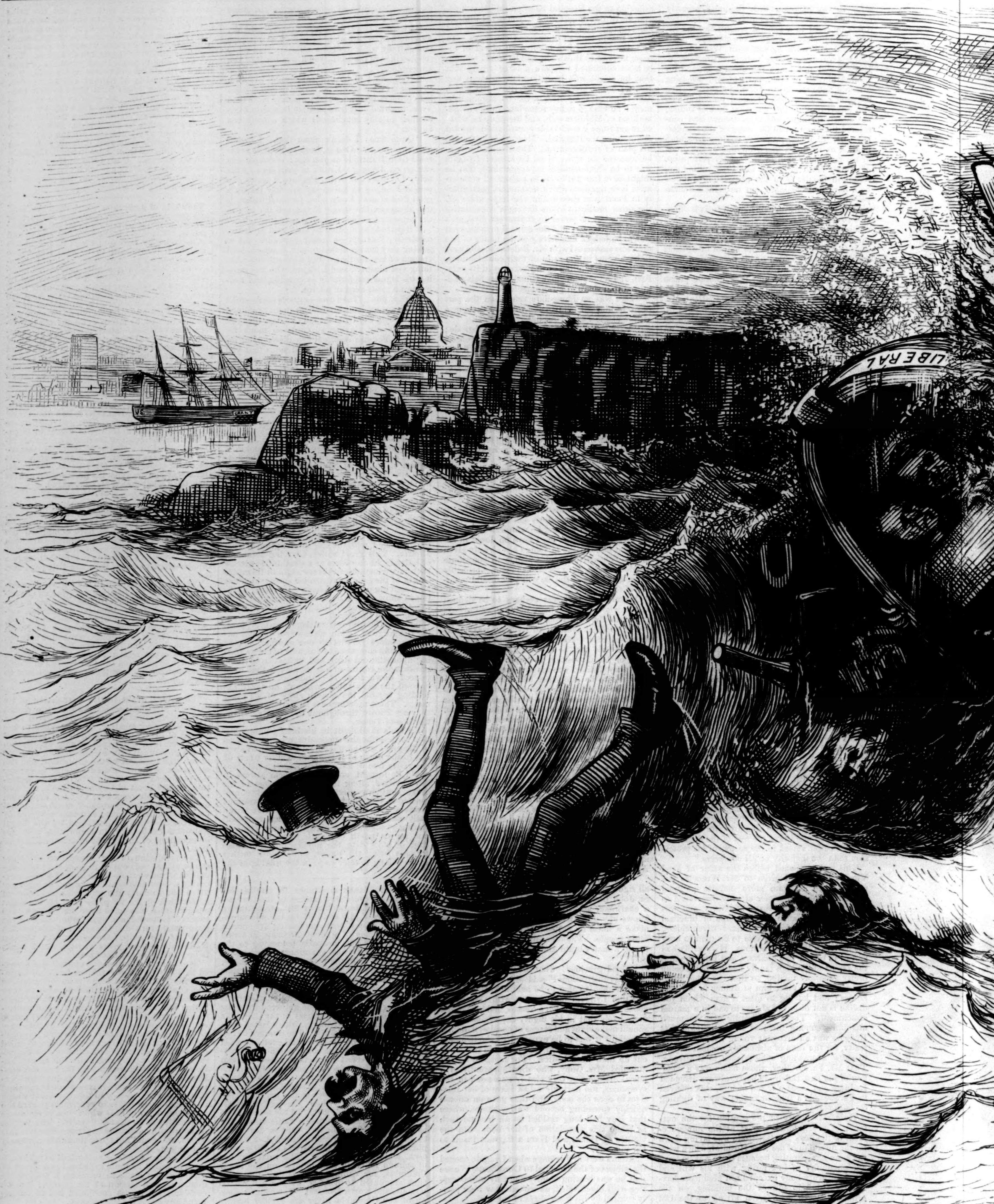
The council of the British Association, at its Brighton meeting, presented a report in regard to action upon certain instructions given to it at the preceding meeting. In reference to the subject of observations on the solar eclipse of December, 1871, they reported that application to the government for a contribution of £2000 toward the expenses of the expedition, and the assistance of a government steamer to convey the parties to the station selected for observation, on the coast of Ceylon, in India, had met with a favorable response; that the expedition organized had been reasonably successful in accomplishing its objects; and that a report of the results would be published by the Royal Astronomical Society, in connection with the observations of the eclipse of 1860 and that of 1870.

The resolution of the Association directing the president and council to co-operate with the president and council of the Royal Society in securing a circumnavigation expedition, specially fitted out to carry the physical and biological exploration of the deep sea into all the great oceanic areas, was acted upon conjointly by the two bodies named, and application made to the government for aid. The result of this was the detail of the ship *Challenger*, under Captain Nares, for a three years' voyage, which vessel is now fitting out at Sheerness.

By another resolution the council was directed to apply to the government for funds to enable the Tidal Committee to make observations and continue their calculations; also to urge upon the government the importance, for navigation and for science, of accurate and continued observations on the tides at several points on the coast of India. Application by the council to the government of India secured its promise of defraying the expense of making detailed observations in India, and causing the experiments to be properly reduced. But an application to the British treasury for the sum of about $900 to secure the continuance of the investigation was met by a positive refusal, on the ground that should they accede to this request it would be impossible to refuse to contribute toward the numerous other objects which men of eminence may desire to treat scientifically. The British Association had already expended $3000 on this object, and could not spare the funds necessary to complete it.

The council had been authorized to take such steps as might be most expedient in support of a proposition made to establish a telegraphic meteorological station at the Azores; but on consideration it was concluded not to recommend any grant for the purpose.

Another resolution directed the council to take into consideration the desirability of the publication of a periodic record of advances made in the various branches of science represented by the British Association. This, however, the council concluded would be better accomplished by the co-operation of the different societies having special subjects in charge, as is now done by the Chemical Society for Chemistry, the Zoological Record for Zoology, etc.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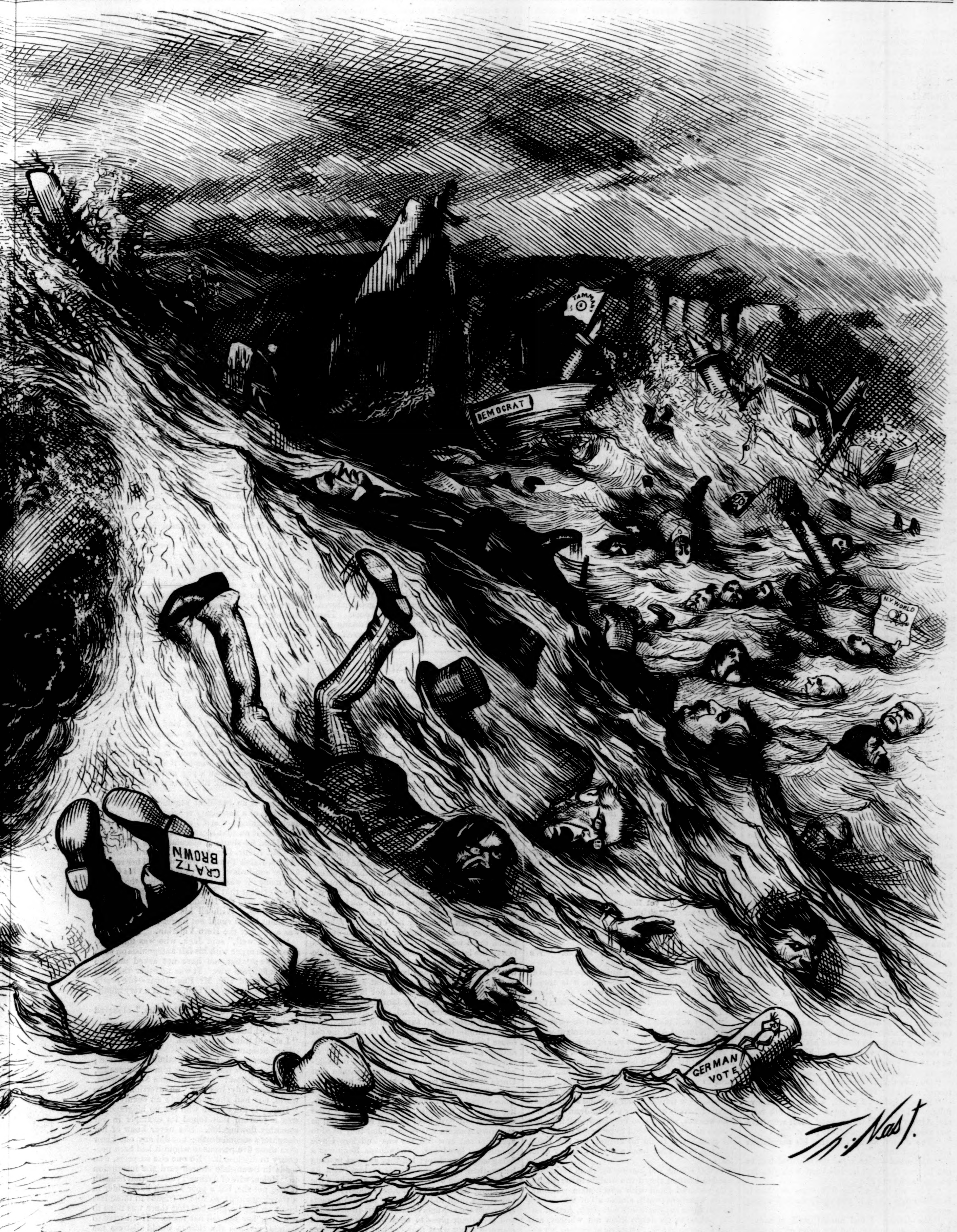
THAT "TIDAL WAVE."—"WE ARE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RE ON THE HOME STRETCH!"

WAITING.

Bessie, at the garden gate,
Pulled the daisy leaves apart:
"'He comes, comes not, he comes,'" sings she:
"Patience now, my foolish heart;
For daisy leaves tell truth, you know;
My love and I will find it so.

"Birdie, in the tree above,
Keep watch and see if he be near;
The shadows round me longer grow—
'Tis time my lover should be here.
Oh, daisy leaves, tell yet once more
That which you told to me before."

Ah! what is it Bessie hears,
That her cheeks are dimpling so,
Standing at the garden gate,
While the shadows longer grow?
"Daisy, you the truth did tell;
We have found it out so well."

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GRISELDA.

Relieved by this passionate outburst of grief, the traces of which he made no effort to conceal, Arthur summoned Annette.

"It is over, then," said she, simply, perceiving what had happened at a glance, and reverently kissing the forehead of her dead mistress. "That is well. Heaven has taken her into its hand out of yours, Sir; and let us hope," she added, reproachfully, "that she will find better treatment there."

Arthur gazed at the woman without hearing what she said, and almost, indeed, without seeing her. Her manner softened at seeing him thus, and touching his hand, to call his attention to her words, she continued: "Knowing that this must happen either one day or the next, Mr. Tyndall, I have locked up such valuables as madame possessed, with her little store of money, and here are the keys. She is no longer in my charge, but in that of her husband."

"Hush, hush!" returned Arthur, laying his finger on his lips. "If you loved your mistress, you will obey her last words, which expressed a wish for secrecy. Your looks imply that I have not done my duty to her hitherto, and you are right; I have done far otherwise: still, if she could speak, she would tell you that I have not been what you think I am. I say this much, not in my own behalf, but that you may know she has one genuine mourner besides yourself. As for you, I know that I leave her—as for the present I am compelled to do—in loving, reverent hands. As for the money and the jewels, so far as I have power to give them—and I suppose I have—they are yours. Moreover, I shall take care that henceforth, throughout your life, you want for nothing."

"Monsieur is very good and kind to *me*," answered the woman, significantly, and looking tenderly at her dead mistress; "but—"

"But you can not take a bribe to wrong the dead," interrupted Arthur. "What I offer is no bribe, however. If you went out into the village street, and cried aloud the truth, 'Here lies this fellow's wife,' that would make no difference. I only give you what your fidelity has earned. But I tell you again, in this dread presence, before which I should not dare to lie, it was her latest wish, for her mother's sake—I do not say for mine—to keep this matter secret. She *was* my wife; I was her husband. But to say so now would be to disobey the dead, and wrong not me, but the innocent. That is the truth. So help me Heaven!"

"I believe you, Sir," answered the woman, after a moment's pause; "and I will keep your secret safe. There is a fear, however, that monsieur's own looks may reveal it. If I saw you in the street now, I should say, 'There goes some new-made widower.' Kiss her once more; then wash your eyes, and go."

It was curious to see this quiet woman thus dictating to him, as though he were a patient in her charge, and him obeying her meekly; but it was well for Arthur that such a helper was at hand, well used to deal with Death and Mourners, and to whom all tattling was by nature distasteful; since, had it not been so, the gossips of Daneton would have found some means to understand her alien speech, had it been Norwegian.

Leaving the house that held his beloved dead by the outer door, so as to avoid his own, Arthur went to the railway station and dispatched a telegram to Adair, then hastened back to Jenny.

"Do you think you could bear a journey to town," said he, "this very day?"

"Indeed, indeed, I could," answered she, joyfully. "Don't look so grave; it will not hurt me, Arthur; it will do me good. But why have you resolved on it so suddenly?"

"The doctor would not give his permission before, you know."

"And what a time you have taken at last to get it, dear! Why, he has been with you for hours, has he not?"

"Yes; we had a long talk together; but it is settled now; and if you really do feel strong enough—"

"My darling, I feel almost well already." Her heightened color, and the ardor of her eyes, spoke her delight at the prospect of leaving the Dormers, though hitherto she had done her best to conceal her impatience to do so.

"Yes, but you are not well, dear Jenny, nor nearly well. Though out of the doctor's hands, he leaves his deputy; your nurse is to accompany you." Her countenance fell at this; she was no malingerer of fashion—not a woman who likes to be coddled and made much of on the score of illness, when there is naught the matter.

"But that is surely unnecessary, Arthur."

"Believe me, it is *not*, dear," said he, gravely; "and when we are once off, Jenny, I will tell you why."

"That was enough for her, and more than enough, even had she never learned his reason; but in the mean time she did learn it, or thought she had done so.

No sooner were they in the railway carriage, and alone, than she said, tenderly, "I know why we take this sudden journey, Arthur, and why we have brought nurse with us, and why you look so grave and sad, my darling."

"Do you," replied Arthur, quietly. "Why is it, Jenny?"

"It is because of poor Mrs. Newton's death."

"It is, my dear."

"I knew it. When Mrs. Weeks told me what had happened, I said to myself at once, 'Dear, thoughtful Arthur deemed that this sad occurrence taking place under the same roof would render me depressed and nervous. But it has not done so, indeed, my darling. I wish I could have been of any use to the poor lady. It was very sudden, surely, though not, they tell me, unexpected. And how came she to send for *you?*"

"Well, as the doctor rightly suggested, chiefly upon your account. When folks are dying they take an unwonted interest in others who are sick and suffering. It was a sad scene, of which we will not speak just now. But you were wrong about the nurse. I brought her, Jenny, because it will be necessary when we reach town that I shall leave you."

"*Leave* me? Oh, Arthur, why?" Then added, hastily, "But I am sure there is some good reason—a painful one, by your sad face; and I will not pain you by asking for it. But oh, dear husband, it is not for long, I trust? Without *you*—" She shuddered; the recollection of what had happened when he had left her last flashed on her mind, though she would not distress him by referring to it—"without *you*, the days will be very long. Will you be absent many days?"

He shook his head; he could not trust himself to answer, when he thought of what was taking him away from her.

"Are you sure, Arthur, *quite* sure, that it would not do you good to tell me? If I could, by sharing it, bear up for you even but a little portion of the burden which I see is pressing upon you, it would be such a comfort to me, such a happiness."

"No, Jenny, no," answered he, hoarsely; "that can not be. You can help me only by leaving me to myself, by not questioning me, by placing all the confidence in me of which your loving nature is capable, until the time comes—as it will come some day—when I can tell you all. Will you promise me to do this?"

"Indeed, indeed, I will, Arthur."

That she would do so he felt very sure. She had always striven to anticipate his wishes, and now that he had expressed them, was it likely that she should fail in her obedience? But his heart was full of trouble and perplexity. To confess all to her some day, as he had just said, would be positively necessary; but how should he make amends for the wrong that had been done her without the knowledge of others? Without taking at least one other person, such as Adair, into his confidence, this would be full of difficulties. To ponder upon these, and to plan how to overcome them, though a distasteful task enough, was better than to let his mind revert whither it ever strove to wander—to Helen. In either case, however, it was a melancholy time enough with him; and the efforts which poor Jenny made to console him by a show of increased affection and devotion only rendered him more wretched. He seemed to himself to be obtaining them under false pretenses. At last, perceiving that her loving ways had lost their power, and yet that when left to himself he grew more wretched, she began to talk of ordinary matters, such as how long would their journey last, and where did he propose to stay in London.

"I have telegraphed to Jack," said he. "We are going to the Adairs."

"But remember what a little house they have, dear. They offered to take us in, it is true—though you remember what Blanche said about their scanty room—but I am almost certain they will not be able to take in nurse."

"They will take in you and nurse—not me, dear," returned Arthur. "The business at which I hinted will take me from you at once—to-night. I shall leave you in Blanche's hands, however, knowing that you will be as well cared for there as in my own. In a week or less I shall come back to you."

Despite all her firmness and good sense, this unlooked-for tidings of her husband's immediate departure from her struck cold to Jenny's heart. She was not, perhaps, so fully recovered from her illness as she endeavored to persuade herself: at all events, she made no answer, for she could not, but turned her head away to hide her quiet tears.

It was a long, sad journey for them both. Arrived in London, they drove straight to the Adairs, who received them with affectionate welcome. In an hour afterward, almost all of which time he had spent in private talk with Jack, Arthur left the house, to go Jenny knew not whither, and had forborne to ask. That one at least of her entertainers knew, she felt convinced, which made her trial the harder. But yet, Griselda-like, she was patient, and put trust in him who seemed to have no trust in her. Day after day passed by without a line from him; but on the sixth day, in the morning, he returned. Not a word of complaint, nor of remonstrance, even then did Jenny breathe, but took her husband to her arms with a thankful heart. There had been something in the behavior of her host and hostess toward her in his absence so commiserating, so compassionately kind, that it had filled her with the dread foreboding that he was gone forever.

"And you do not ask me where I have been, Jenny; or why I was so cruel as not to write?" cried he, admiringly.

"Nay, my darling: when the surgeon cuts and probes," was her reply, "the patient does not ask, 'Why does he torture me?' I knew that you would not thus wring my heart if you could help it."

"That's truth, my love, my own. Heaven knows!" he answered. "The trial, however, of your patience is not over yet."

"Are you going *again* to leave me, Arthur?" she put in, piteously.

"No, darling; never, never! But you must still trust in me implicitly, and without questioning, for a few hours longer, whatever happens. Will you?"

"For a few hours!" she answered, lovingly. "For life, if need be, husband!"

Then Blanche came in, with her bonnet on, and said, "It is time, Arthur," and looked toward Jenny.

"Blanche and I are going somewhere," said Arthur, tenderly; "and you must come with us."

A carriage was in waiting at the door, and took them off, all three. None of them spoke throughout the drive, which was a very short one, and ended at a church porch.

"We get out here, darling," whispered Arthur. "Remember your promise, and have faith in me."

Jack Adair was waiting for them on the steps; but the church was empty, save for the clerk, who closed the door behind them. From the vestry, however, came out a clergyman in his robes, and took his place within the altar rails.

"What is this? What are we going to do?" whispered Jenny, in wonder.

"We are going to be married, my darling. There was a flaw in the first."

Jenny trembled excessively; her heart beat violently; her face was suffused with blushes—not a bride's; her senses reeled: but she called to mind her promise, and summoned all her courage; and by the time the priest began to read was calm. The kindly pressure of honest Jack's hand, as it gave her away, went far to reassure her. Only once she forgot herself; and when the time came for inscribing her name in the register would have written "Tyndall," but for Arthur's watchful interposition. "That is often done," observed the clergyman, good-naturedly, and little thinking why it *was* done. Then Blanche embraced her tenderly; and taking Jack away with her, left Arthur and herself to go home alone.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HEARTH AND HOME.

The revelation that Arthur had to make to Jenny was necessarily a long one, and affected her by turns with pain and shame and pity. The only consolation was that the mystery of that ghastly spectacle which had so shattered her health and weighed upon her spirits was by it resolved. He told her all he knew, and also how that he had left her to return to Daneton, and followed the remains of Helen to the grave. "I could not write to you the truth, my darling, could I? So I did not write at all."

Arthur had thought of taking Jenny abroad with him immediately after their second marriage, but he did well in suffering himself to be persuaded by the Adairs to remain for a few weeks beneath their roof: a woman's love and sympathy were what his wife now needed even more than his own passionate affection, and in Blanche she found it. Not a word ever passed the lips of either in blame of Helen, but of the two Jenny's thoughts of her were the more charitable and forgiving. The revenge that she had taken upon her had indeed been great and terrible; but had she not (as she reflected) been robbed by her of Arthur's love? There was an excuse for her in that to Jenny, which there was not to Blanche. It was years before the latter could came down to Swansdale and hear unmoved the thunder of the lasher, where Helen's crime had been so nearly consummated, and could look upon that grave in the church-yard where Helen did not lie, without a shiver. But in due time, for Jenny, Swansdale had associations of another kind, so bright and glad that they dispelled all surrounding gloom. She had children—boys and girls—who made the old house loud with mirth, and a play-ground of the ancient garden. Hand in hand these would visit the cottage, and speculate, not without some childish trepidation, upon what manner of man that Uncle Magus had been of whom they had heard so much, yet understood so little; or question old Giles secretly upon that mysterious and absorbing topic, the first Mrs. Arthur Tyndall. That she could not have been so good or beautiful as their own mamma was certain; but they liked to hear him tell how fair she was, and how Uncle Magus had loved her. Grandpapa Renn was a living enigma to them; but they enjoyed nothing better than an afternoon visit to him (with its terrible passage over the lock bridge, where the girl clung tightly to her mother's hand, and the boy sent a thrill to her heart by his rash temerity), when the old man would sit out on the lawn, and give them pipes to blow bubbles with, and converse about what they deemed to be another inexplicable member of the family—the Mother of Sherry. When he told his pretty granddaughter (who was his favorite of the two) that she would never be one-half so beautiful as her mamma had been, the child assented to that statement; but when he added that she might have had a lord for her father, and asked how she would have liked *that*, she answered, after much reflection, that she preferred matters as they were, and "her own papa" to any lord. The Herb Valerian does not, therefore, it would seem, affect the female mind till after four, which was little Jenny's age at that time.

To these inquisitive young people Mrs. Somers, who occasionally visited the Hall, and never without bringing a cargo of sweetmeats for them, was another family riddle. In a moment of Dutch courage, produced by eating too many French sugar-plums with liqueurs inside them, Master Arthur had once called her "grandmamma," which title the kind old lady had accepted very readily; but when he added, "Then, if you are grandmamma, you must be wife to grandpapa at the lock," she by no means took it in such good part, but boxed his ears, and shut up the bonbon box for the afternoon. It was the only occasion on which that excellent lady was ever known to have been "put out." Even when the observant child once asked her, "Why do you call me Harthur, Grandmamma Somers, when my name is Arthur?" she answered him, with her usual good nature, that it was by reason of a "'uskiness" in her throat. This explanation of her infirmity had been so often given that there is no doubt she believed it to be the true one; and she clung to it to the last. But we don't get to heaven the less, it is to be hoped, through pronouncing it without the aspirate; and when she died—which happened in London, with her favorite Arthur Tyndall and Blanche Adair about her pillow—the world might better have lost many much finer ladies and much better grammarians than honest Mrs. Somers.

So tender was the good old lady's heart that it pitied those it ought to have despised. A little before her last illness she had quite a battle royal with Jack Adair in behalf of one she had little cause (had she known all) to defend—Mr. Wynn Allardyce. There were rumors that, after having been a defaulter at Tattersall's, that gentleman had taken to several bad courses, but especially to drink; and one day Adair brought word to Swansdale of his final degradation.

"Who should I see dragged out of the train at the junction this morning," observed he at dinner, "for card-sharping, but the Honorable Wynn Allardyce!"

"Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Somers, pitifully.

"But, my dear madam, I saw him with my own eyes. He had a bonnet too—"

"Then, depend upon it, he only did it for a joke, poor fellow."

"I mean a confederate, madam," explained Jack, "who was taken up in his company, and in whom I also recognized an old acquaintance. But our honorable friend—poor 'Lardy'—looked much the greater scamp of the two."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Somers, "I can not imagine that Mr. Allardyce could ever look any thing else than quite the—what do you call it?—the haristocrat."

"My dear madam," answered Jack, with some little impatience—for he knew the utter worthlessness of the man well—"I don't doubt his aristocracy; but he was a rogue in grain, a scoundrel from skin to skin."

"Well, well," urged the kind old lady, "remember he was a young gentleman of title, and had naturally been spoiled from his cradle, and flattered, poor fellow, by every body that came in his way. It is no wonder if such high folks, when they come down a peg, and want money or any thing else, think they have a right to obtain it any way."

"That is an excellent argument against the existence of a hereditary aristocracy," answered Jack, laughing; "and I'm sure I've no fault to find with it on that score; but—"

"Jack, for shame!" ejaculated his wife.

"Mr. Adair, I'm astonished at you!" exclaimed Mrs. Ralph Tyndall, who, with all her respect for her son-in-law, never called him by his Christian name; it was not her way. Upon the whole, it was evident that Jack was in a minority upon the question of the Honorable Wynn Allardyce's peccadilloes. With all his faults, those three excellent ladies could not forget that the culprit was a sprig of the Herb Valerian.

"Well, well," said Jack, who was much too sensible to argue with his fair antagonists on such a subject; "but you have not asked me who his confederate was. It was no other than his old friend and ally, Mr. Paul Jones—his pretty Poll, as he used to call him, and in a very moulting state, I do assure you."

"I never liked Mr. Paul Jones," observed Mrs. Ralph Tyndall, quietly.

"Liked him, mamma!" exclaimed Blanche; "I should think not, indeed. He was the most odious little creature!"

"His appearance was certainly unfortunate; but he did his best to make himself agreeable, poor little fellow!" said charitable Mrs. Somers. That good lady had not "an aversion" in the world, nor had she ever made an enemy in it. "Happy is the woman who has no biography," was a proverb that found its example in her smoothly flowing life. She never knew of her daughter's second death; nor did any one know save those five persons to whom it had been necessary to disclose it. No one else suspects, who reads in Swansdale church-yard the inscription to "Helen, wife of Arthur Tyndall," that beneath it lies, not she, but a poor French horse-rider in a traveling circus, so void of friends in those last hours on her hospital bed that there was none to ask after her nor tell her name. If all were to be told, perhaps the tidings would distress the rector most of all the world. With such a man "the letter killeth;" and, notwithstanding Jenny's innocence, the thought that for that dreadful year she had been no lawful wife would have shocked him to the core. There was a time when, sore at heart, he had thought of joining a certain Anglo-Catholic Retreat, wherein the office of warden had been offered him; but there was too much good stuff—real substance—in him for that. He remained at Swansdale to baptize Jenny's first child, and to stand godfather to her second, the girl. And next to Jack Adair—kind, wholesome Jack, to whom Heaven has denied children of his own, for his one child died in infancy, in order, perchance, that his large heart should know no bounds—the most rapturously received visitor to the nursery, the guest most welcome to the father, most honored by the mother, at Swansdale Hall, is Mr. Glyddon.

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The threatened destruction of the Spanish Escurial has awakened the slumbering interest which every lover of history and art felt in this most remarkable palace. Its immense size, its curious architecture, and its history through three hundred years are matters of curious study. This palace and mausoleum is situated in the little town of Escorial de Abaja, about twenty-five miles from Madrid. The foundation was laid in 1563, and the building was finished in 1586, having cost a sum of money equal to $15,000,000. It was designed to commemorate the great battle of St. Quentin; and as King Philip II. believed that St. Lawrence had aided the Spanish arms, by a quaint conceit the ground-plan of the palace was made in the form of a gridiron, with handle and bars complete—St. Lawrence having suffered martyrdom by being broiled on a gridiron. The body of the gridiron was represented by seventeen ranges of buildings, crossing each other at right angles, forming a parallelogram inclosing twenty-four courts, with a square tower 200 feet in height flanking each of the four corners of the building, thus representing a gridiron reversed, the towers being the upturned feet. A wing 460 feet long represented the handle of the implement, and contained the royal apartments. The building was 740 feet long by 580 wide; but no correct idea of its vastness can be obtained except by a detailed enumeration of the countless chapels, altars, monuments, halls, and apartments which it included. The total length of the various rooms and apartments is estimated at 120 miles, and there are said to be 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, although these figures are variously stated by different writers. In the mausoleum repose the remains of all the sovereigns of Spain who have died since Charles V. A large and valuable library and numerous rare works of art have been treasured in this palace, but the greater part of the collection was long ago transferred to the royal museum of the Prado. The fire which threatened to destroy this immense pile was caused by lightning. The injury to the palace is serious, and it is yet scarcely known how great is the damage to books, manuscripts, and works of art.

What is called the "funeral" of Père Hyacinthe has already taken place. It is a custom among Roman Catholic religious communities to consider any member that deserts them as dead, and the ceremony of burying him is performed. This was recently done at the convent of Dominicans to which M. Hyacinthe Loyson belonged. A coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, and the customary burial service chanted.

It would be difficult to say which was the most interesting of all the exercises commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of Plymouth Church and Sunday-school, and of the settlement of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as pastor. But to the pastor himself it would seem that the "Children's Day" was abounding pleasure. There was no mistaking the heart-felt joy that glowed in his face as the Sabbath-schools—nearly three thousand members in all—passed by his house with gladsome greeting. And when he rose to speak to them in the church he said, "This is the best day of my life; at least it looks so happy in your presence that I can remember no other day I thought so happy." Yet each of the five days through which the exercises were extended was overflowing with interest to all who participated. Monday, October 7, was the "Children's Day," to which we have referred; on Tuesday there was a social reunion of all who had been either officers or teachers in the Sunday-schools connected with the church; on Wednesday a reunion of all who were or ever had been members of the church; on Thursday a general historical meeting; and on Friday a prayer and conference meeting, including the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It was impossible to open these meetings to the public, since not even all who were connected with the church and Sunday-schools could be accommodated in the building at the same time for lack of room. It was for this reason that they were extended through the week.

Various improvements are going on, or about to be begun, in Rome. A whole *quartier* is to be built in the grandest style of architecture, and two canals are to be cut to bring the salt-waters of the Mediterranean to the city, so that there may be sea-baths; and a race-course is also to be established.

During the month of September 26,648 emigrants landed at Castle Garden.

The residence of Ole Bull at Valestrand, Norway, is beautifully situated in a valley, the mountains on either side being clothed with verdure to their summits, and two small lakes being in the immediate vicinity. Every steamer from Bergen brings visitors to Ole Bull, and all enjoy themselves highly. Yachts, sail and row boats, horses and carriages, are at the service of his friends. The music-hall connected with his residence is fitted up with grand and upright pianos, an organ, bass violins, violoncellos, and every thing necessary for a complete orchestra. The guests frequently assemble here and enjoy a concert.

Apples are not prized as they should be as an article of diet. This fruit is both wholesome and nutritious, and also contains valuable antiseptic qualities, which exercise a most beneficial effect upon the system. In a "Code of Agriculture," published half a century ago, we find the following extract, which is worth attention at the present time: "It is said that the importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated. The laborers in Cornwall (England) consider them to be nearly as nourishing as bread, and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, when corn was so scarce and dear, apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apple without meat, whereas a potato diet required either meat or fish." Apples are this year so abundant and cheap that they are brought within the reach of almost every family for common use.

The Royal Gallery of Berlin has been the scene of a disgraceful act of vandalism. Five of the finest pictures in the museum, the "Andromeda" of Rubens, "Mary Magdalen" of Gerard Dow (two gems), a Cornelius de Harlem, a Verkolje, and another, not specified, were found pierced with cuts from a knife. The perpetrators of these odious and insensate attacks carried out their criminal projects on several successive days, for every morning a fresh picture was found to be damaged. The guardians saw nothing, and the investigations have not yet produced any result. The mutilated canvases were submitted to a minute examination, and their restoration was immediately commenced.

The "last surviving" Revolutionary soldier has turned up again—this time in Tennessee. He is one hundred and eighteen years old, it is said, and recently went to Nashville for his pension-money, accompanied by his four children, the youngest being seventy-five years old.

The Russian government is said to be preparing to publish a complete collection of all autograph letters, orders, memoranda, etc., of the Czar Peter the Great, including those of a private as well as of a public character.

When a child, Pauline Lucca manifested such a decided taste for drawing as well as for music that for a while her mother was disposed to let the former inclination prevail. She took daily lessons in drawing, but was also allowed to go on with her vocal studies. She made wonderful progress in the use of her pencil, yet such was her proficiency in singing that very soon there was no question that her true vocation was music.

The morning prayer-meetings in Plymouth Church lecture-room were to those who attended them the most interesting feature in the exercises of the "Silver Wedding Festival." Each morning from eight to nine o'clock the large room was crowded with earnest Christian men and women. One spirit seemed to pervade every heart—the spirit of love. The sentiment which in silver letters was placed above the platform was plainly a universal one: "One family in heaven and earth." "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." There was no formality—prayer, singing, and free interchange of thought and feeling filled each hour to overflowing. From all parts of the country there had come those who tenderly remembered some connection which in years past they had sustained to Plymouth Church and its pastor. Touching incidents were repeated, and from full hearts came words of gratitude and love. In the first prayer of the Monday's meeting there was a touching reference to the pastor of the church; after which Mr. Beecher, admitting the naturalness of personal allusions in a family gathering such as the prayer-meeting was, said it would be in consonance with his judgment, as well as in harmony with his feelings, if all special reference to himself were omitted. Indeed, the same request he made many times during the week: the prosperity of that church was the special work of Christ, and the whole praise belonged to Christ, was his constant feeling. Yet it was impossible to repress all expression of the deep affection with which the pastor of Plymouth Church is regarded by all his large flock. Those who know Henry Ward Beecher only from newspaper criticisms, or by the hearing of a single lecture or sermon, have no idea of that rare combination of strength, tenderness, and sympathy which gives him such influence, and renders him so beloved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"It is a fact," says Mr. Scudamore, "that a telegraph clerk in London who was engaged on a wire to Berlin formed an acquaintance with and an attachment to a female clerk who worked on the same wire in Berlin, that he made a proposal to her, and that she accepted him without having seen him. They were married, and the marriage resulting from their electric affinities is supposed to have turned out as well as those in which the senses are more apparently concerned."

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men?—Because all his wicked works are brought to light.

Nathaniel thinks it small business for a friend to address him as Gnat.

A Welsh orator recently remarked, in a fine peroration, "Innocence is like an umbrella: when once we have lost it we can never hope to see it back again."

A Frenchwoman once said that she never loved any thing. "You loved your children?" suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "When they are large."

Toilers of the See—Unpaid curates.

Most people have heard of a dead wall, but a correspondent writes to say he has actually got a living room in his house.

The Vestures of the Sky.—A young lady said she should so like to go up in a balloon. She wished very much to get above the clouds and look down. It must be so pretty. She had heard that even the darkest cloud had a silver lining.

The Feast of Imagination—Having no dinner, but reading a cookery-book.

Definitions (not according to the dictionary).—*Deputation:* A noun of multitude which signifies many, but does not signify much. *Marriage:* Harness for a pair. *Musician:* A man who plays when he works, and works when he plays. *Water:* A clean fluid once used as a drink.

The Favorite Song of the Siamese Twins—"We were boys together."

Persons who never Complain of "Short Crops"—Barbers.

On a Woman with Red Hair who wrote Poetry.—Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot! Your ringlets are red, but your poems are not.

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for the market is the axle-tree.

A Theatrical Prescription—A change of scene.

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about, like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

The reason why "figures can't lie" is plain. When they are not running and mounting up, their nearest approach to quiescence is in a standing account.

A witty son of St. Patrick was in charge of a ferry-boat. A lady passenger being frightened by the waves, asked him, "Are people ever lost by this boat?" He gave her the encouraging reply, "Not often, ma'am; we generally find them after by dragging the river."

The surest slip-knots are said to be lovers' ties.

A sign in a Western city announces "Boots blacked inside."

"I hate to hear people talking behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him and crying, "Stop thief!"

A tourist, who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "When I was going to Berne."

Two fatigued travelers, having to travel ten miles farther, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each.

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey. "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, Sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

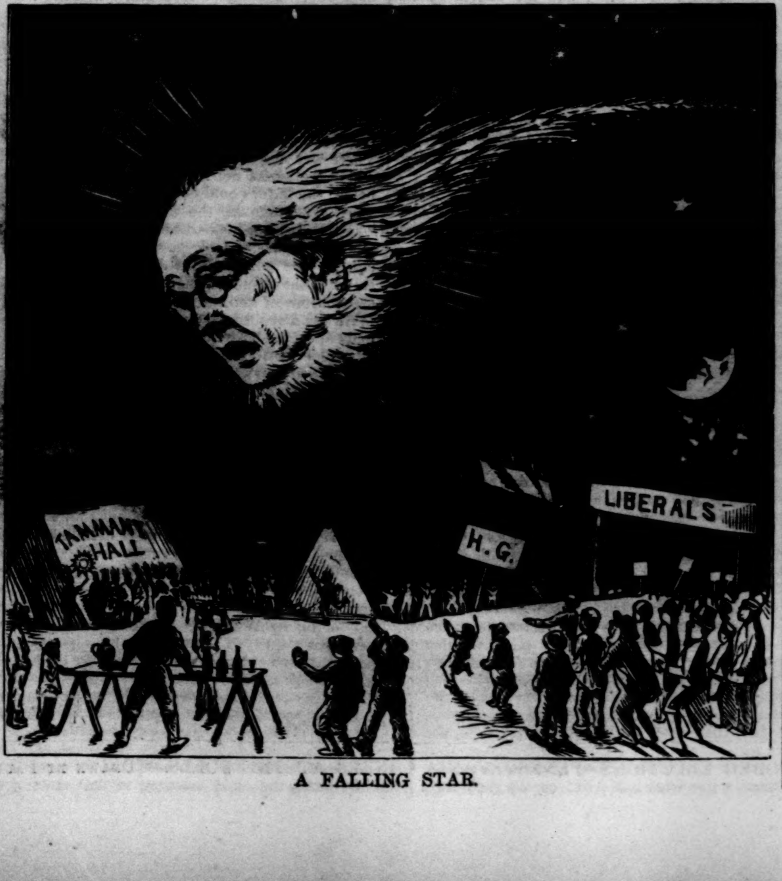
A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looks under the head of "marriages" for the news of the weak.

A rash carpet-bagger, addressing a colored audience in South Carolina the other day, remarked, "My friends and fellow-citizens, my skin is white, but my heart is as black as this audience!"

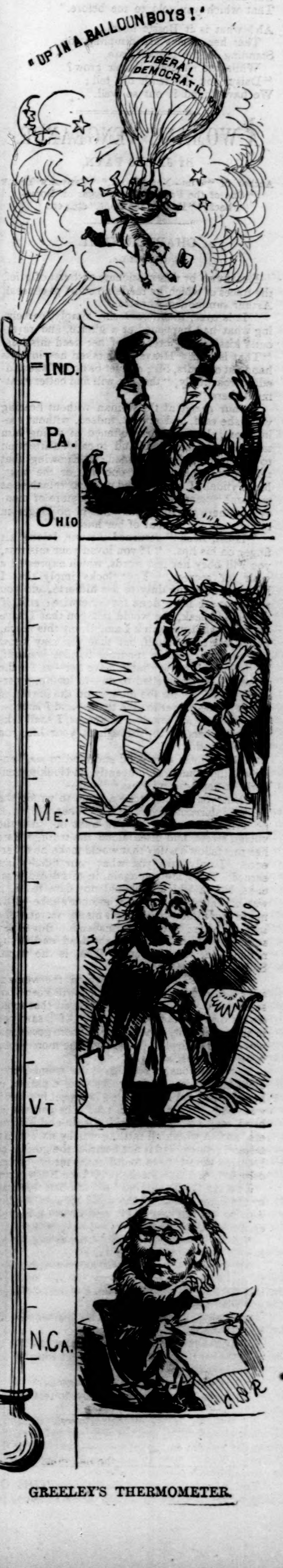
New Books.—"Ebenezer Divorced," a sequel to "Ebb-Tide."

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

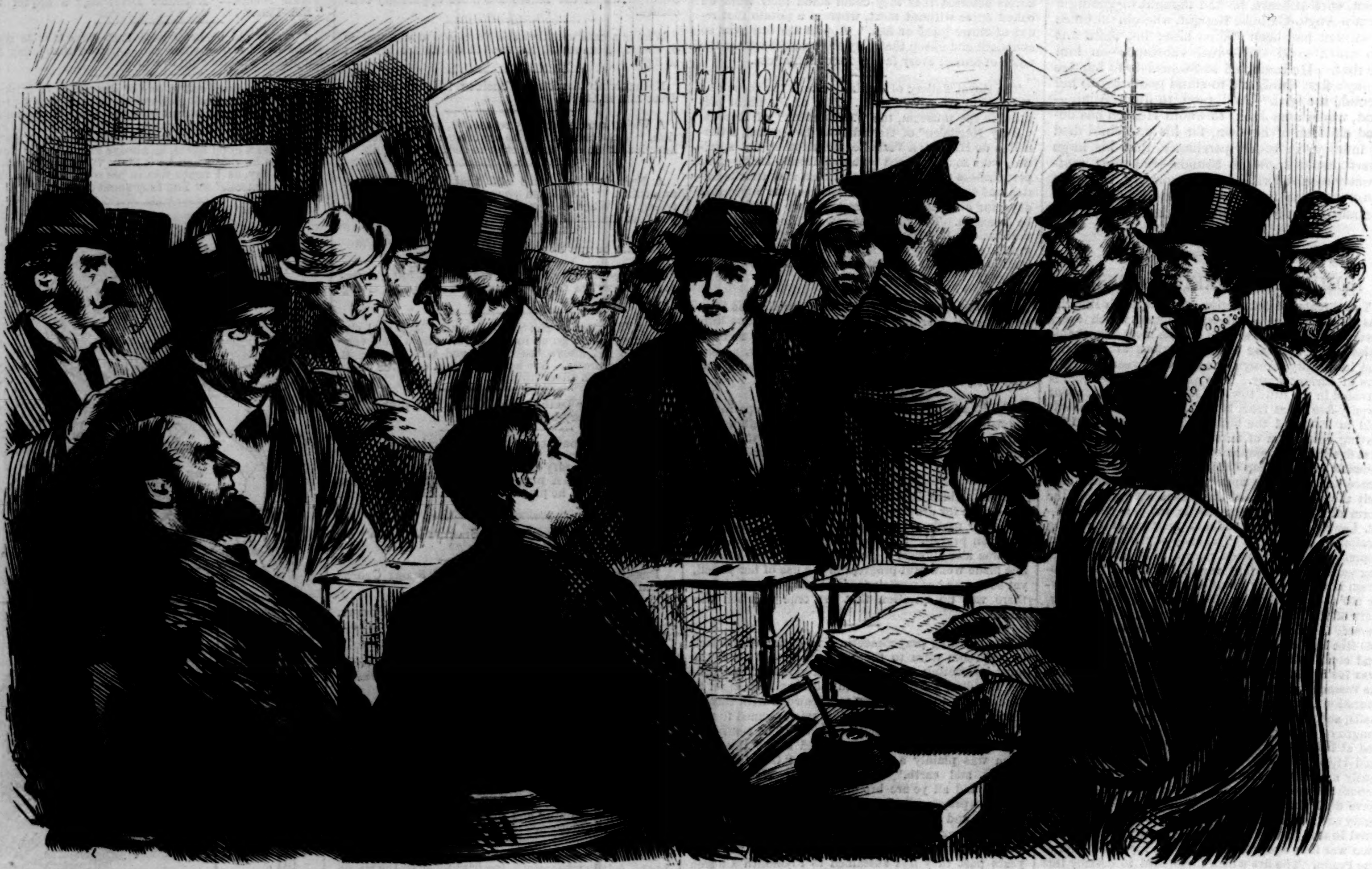
A witness examined in one of the courts in Illinois upon a trial concerning a horse trade was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode. "He pretty generally rides a-straddle, Sir," replied the witness. "How does he ride in company?" "If he has a good horse, he always keeps up." "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "Really, Sir, I can not say, as I never was in his company when he rode by himself." "You may stand aside, Sir."



A FALLING STAR.



GREELEY'S THERMOMETER.

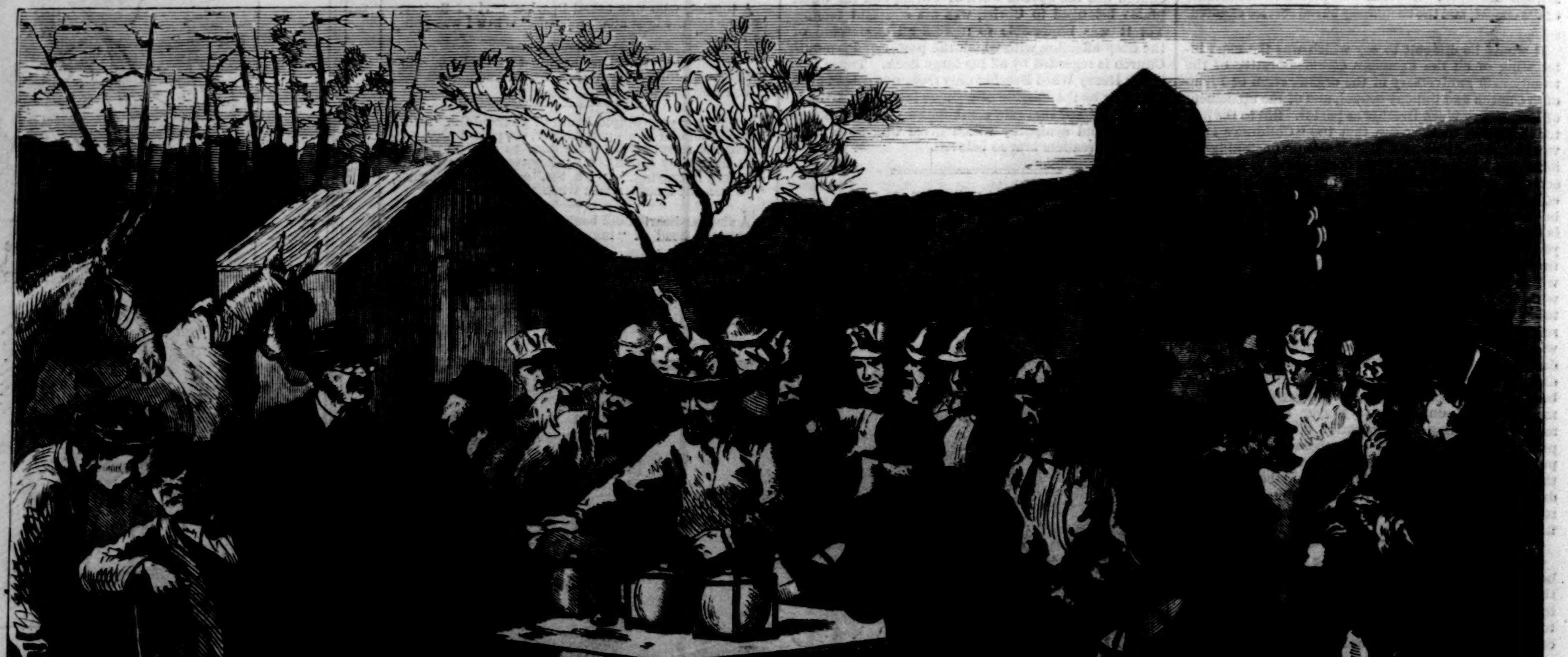

ELECTION NOTICE!

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS—CHALLENGING A VOTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY PAUL FRENZENY.]

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

OF our illustrations on this page the upper one exhibits a scene at the polls which was of frequent occurrence during the recent elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. The right of challenge, when properly exercised, is one of the great safeguards of the purity of the ballot-box, although it may be abused, through partisan zeal, and made an obstruction to an honest vote.

The lower illustration shows a party of Pennsylvania miners, who have made their appearance at the polls previous to descending into the mine. They have all their mining implements with them, and can ill afford to spare the time necessary to cast their votes before going to work. But they are men of sturdy character and conviction, who believe in doing their whole duty as freemen and patriots; and before descending to their labors they mean to do what they can to secure the triumph of the party which saved the country when it was threatened by rebellion, and will save it again from shameful surrender to the party which once plotted its destruction.



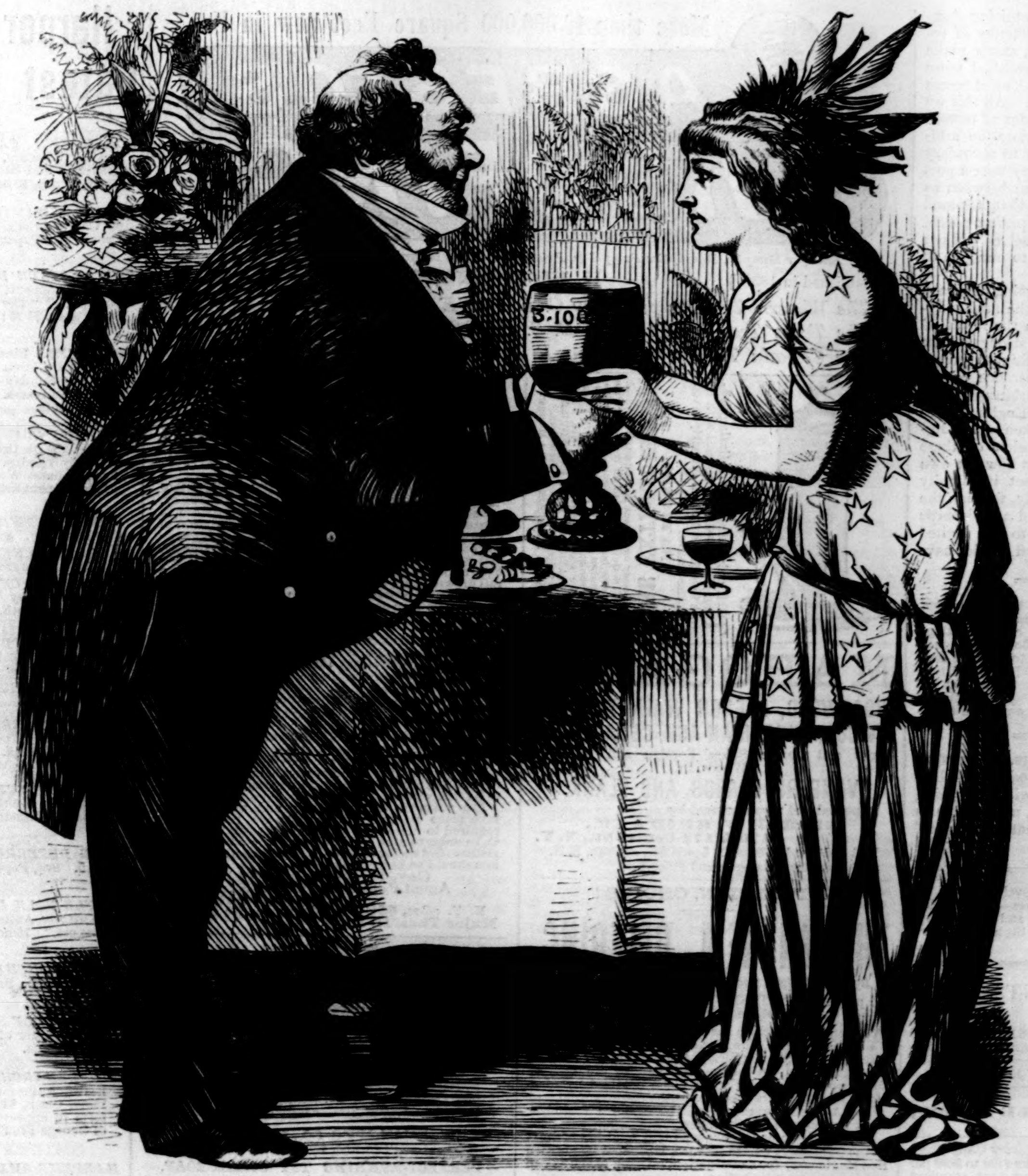
THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS—PENNSYLVANIA MINERS AT THE POLLS.—[DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.]

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

The beautiful city of Geneva has the honor of having been the scene of two of the most important international undertakings of modern times—the Court of Arbitration, organized under the Washington Treaty, and the Convention for the aid of Wounded in Time of War. The final adjournment of the former was followed by a farewell dinner, represented in the lower illustration on this page, given to the arbitrators by the Geneva Conseil d'État, at the Hôtel de la Paix, the large room of the hotel and the outer hall being splendidly decorated for the occasion. All the chief members were present (except Sir Alexander Cockburn, who rarely attends festivities on account of weak health and overwhelming work), and the banquet was eminently successful. M. Carteret, president of the Conseil d'État and chairman of the evening, thanked the arbitrators for having honored Geneva by choosing it for the scene of their deliberations, while Count Sclopis, as president of the court, reciprocated the compliment by thanking the people of Geneva for their kind welcome. The count reading his speech is represented in the engraving. On his right hand is M. Carteret.

Switzerland has indeed been a most hospitable host, and the members of the Court of Arbitration had no cause to complain of dullness during their three months' sojourn at Geneva. Party succeeded party, *fête* followed *fête;* and while we used to read in one telegram that the court, quite exhausted by its hard labors, had adjourned to such a date, we learned in another of a pleasant picnic in the environs, or the programme for a forth-coming fishing excursion. In short, both government and people spared no pains to make the stay of their distinguished guests as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

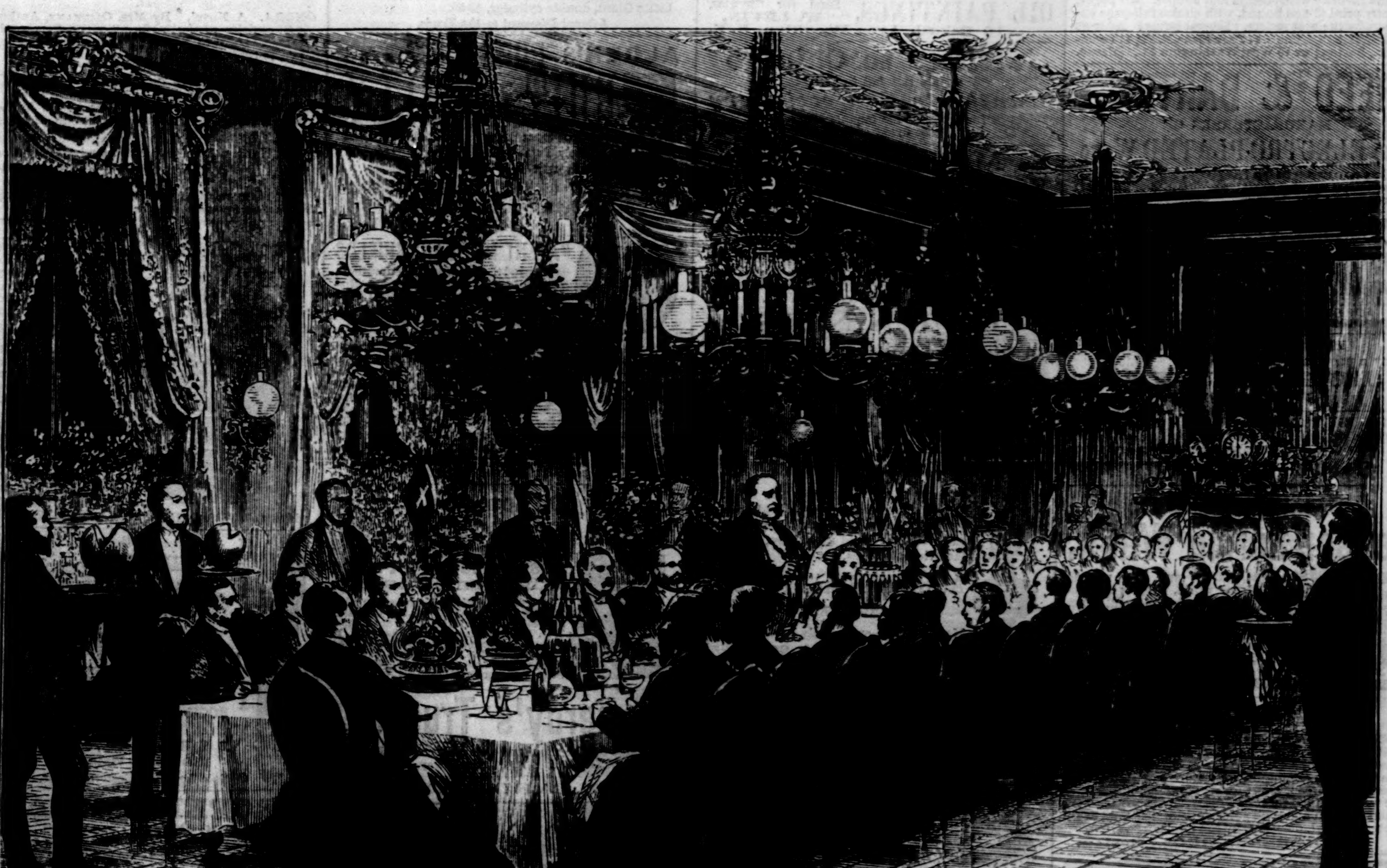
The decision of the court was received, as was to be expected, with diverse manifestations in the two countries most intimately interested in the result. In the United States the party which aims to discredit and belittle every act of President Grant's administration denounced it as a failure, a shameful and cowardly surrender, and by every other opprobrious epithet and phrase which partisan unfairness could suggest. The English opposition have also attacked it with equal bitterness, but on the ground that it is England which has been swindled and betrayed! But, in opposition to these partisan extremes, the sober sense of both peoples acknowledges that the decision was a just one; and the illustration which we herewith copy from a late number of the London *Punch*, entitled "The Loving Cup," undoubtedly more truly represents the genuine sentiment of the English people than the loud vaporings of hostile newspapers and politicians.



THE LOVING CUP.

"In this we Bury all Unkindness!"—*Shakspeare.*

Had this decision been rendered at a time when party opposition was less vindictive in this country, it would doubtless have been hailed by men of all parties as a triumph of justice for the United States. As is conclusively shown in an important article on the Washington Treaty which will appear in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, our government attained the very object for which it had all along contended. In regard to the claims for consequential damages, a decision was secured which must be of inestimable advantage to the United States. It settled the question forever as to the liability of nations for similar claims. The United States will now be able to fall back upon this decision (as well as upon the arguments of the British government) if ever the latter should present indirect or consequential claims. Even the Fenian claims, which the British government has repeatedly described as consequential, are now forever barred. As General Schenck has well said in a dispatch to Secretary Fish before the decision of the arbitrators had been rendered: "With our chances of being generally neutral when Great Britain and other European states are belligerent, the benefits of the rule are to be principally and oftenest ours. Our continental position, our extended sea-



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE "ALABAMA" ARBITRATORS BY THE GENEVA CONSEIL D'ÉTAT—COUNT SCLOPIS READING HIS SPEECH.

coast, our numerous ports, the enterprising character of our citizens, and the difficulty of restraining their spirit of adventure, surely make the rule that would thus be established more valuable and more favorable to the United States than to perhaps any other country. All this we secure in exchange for the surrender of certain claims which we were pressing before the arbitrators at Geneva, not with a view to pecuniary compensation, but only because they were a portion of the grounds of disagreement between us and Great Britain, upon which that tribunal was empowered, for the sake of perfect peace, to make an award, while we ourselves did not hesitate to admit that it must be to our gain to have the decision against us."

The article from which the foregoing language is quoted undoubtedly foreshows the final judgment of the American people on the result of the arbitration. It brings into the strongest light the opprobrious conduct of the English press; shows how, from the simple tolerance of the indirect claims as a subject of arbitration, the people and the government of England were roused to the point of panic-stricken and indignant protest against the submission of these claims to the tribunal; and shows how our own government maintained throughout its dignity and its original position, and finally, through the judgment of the tribunal, secured a diplomatic triumph of greater importance to the United States than any pecuniary award could have been.

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Facts for the Ladies.—Mrs. O. Pierce, Boston, Mass., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1859, without repairs, earning from $12 to $15 a week, making men's clothing. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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GRAND GIFT CONCERT.
Postponed to December 7, 1872.

THE SECOND GRAND GIFT CONCERT in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky, announced for September 28, has been postponed to **December 7, 1872,** because the accumulation of orders the few days before the drawing made it physically impossible to fill them without a few days' delay, and as a short postponement was inevitable, it was determined to defer it to a time that would make a full drawing sure by the sale of all the tickets.

The money necessary to pay in full all the offered gifts is now upon deposit in the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, as will be seen by the following certificate of the Cashier:

Farmers' and Drovers' Bank,
Louisville, Ky., Sept. 26, 1872.

This is to certify that there is now on deposit in this bank over half a million of dollars to the credit of the Gift Concert fund, $500,000 of which is held by this bank as Treasurer of the Public Library of Kentucky to pay off all gifts to be awarded at the drawing. R. S. VEACH, Cashier.

1,000 Prizes, amounting to
$500,000 in Cash
will be awarded, the highest prizes being **$100,000, $50,000, $25,000,** and down in regular gradation to **$100,** which is the lowest.

The drawing will positively and unequivocally take place December 7. Agents are peremptorily required to close sales and make returns November 25, in order to give ample time for the final arrangements. Orders for tickets or applications for circulars should be addressed to
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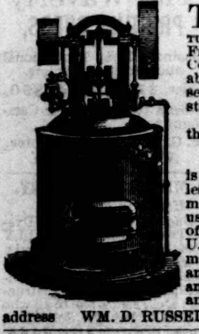

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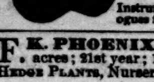

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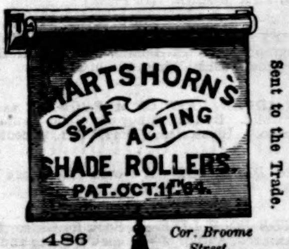
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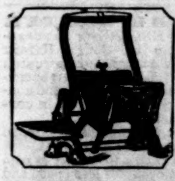

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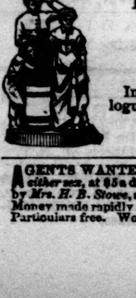

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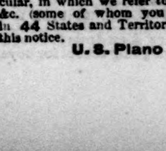

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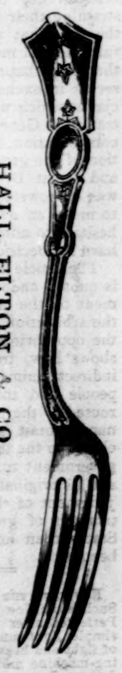

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GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)............................	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old).............................	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt................	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..	" 41
DOLMAN WALKING SUIT.................	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT................	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT....	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)................	" 44

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